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NEWSPAPER.



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THE GEOGRAPHIC

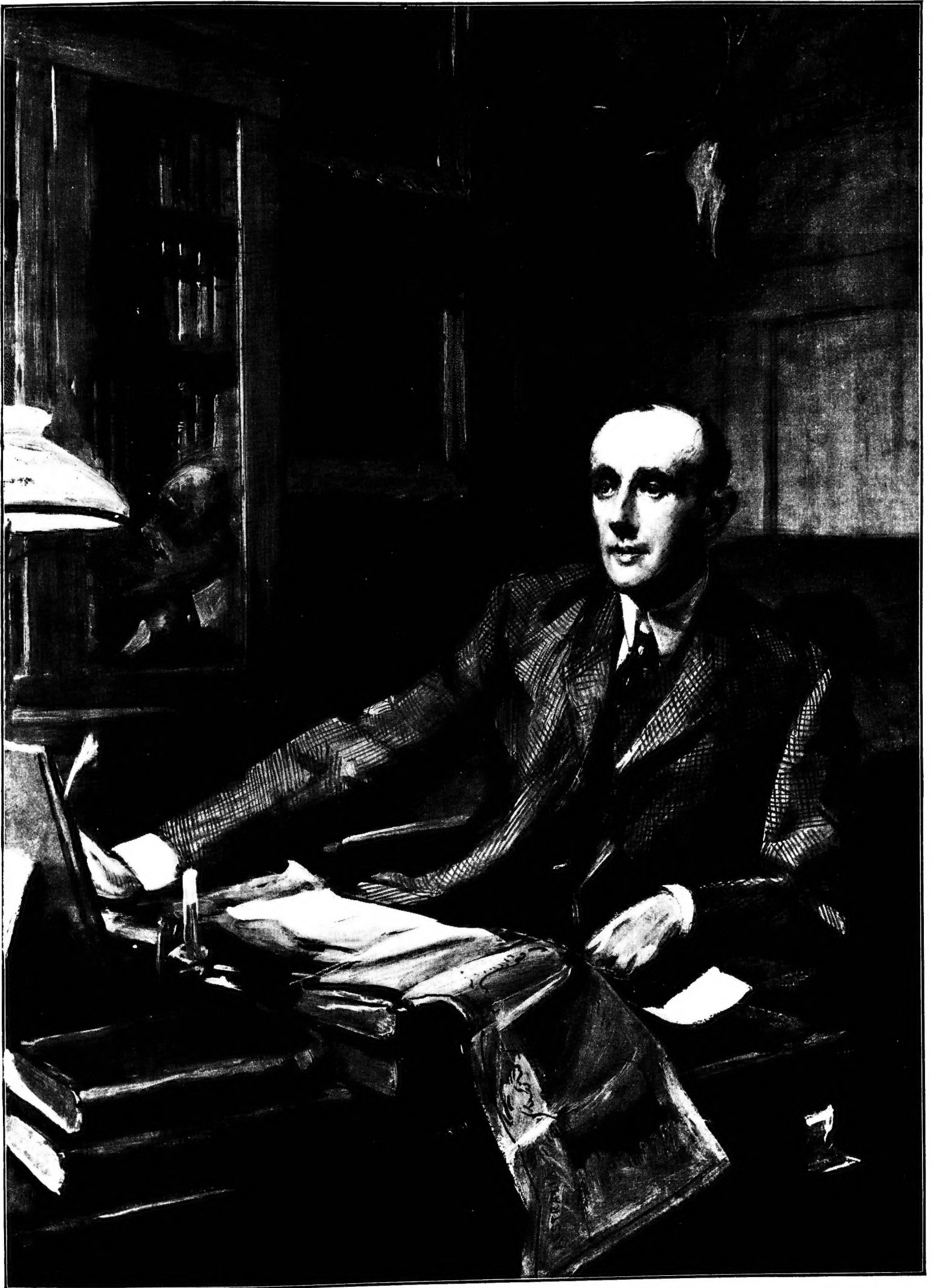
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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LORD HOPETOUN, FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH
DRAWN FROM LIFE AT A SPECIAL SITTING AT HOPETOUN HOUSE BY SYDNEY P. HALL

Topics of the Week

For the
Empire

ALTHOUGH a goodly number of county constituencies have yet to pronounce on the issues involved in the General Election, the verdict of the country has long ceased to be in doubt. What the precise majority of the Unionists will be—whether it will be larger or smaller than that they enjoyed in the last Parliament—is as yet uncertain, but that there will be a Unionist majority, and that it will be a very large one, is now unquestionable. There is in some Opposition quarters a disposition to argue that if the majority of the Government shows a diminution as compared with that which they enjoyed at the time of the Dissolution, it will be legitimate to conclude that the South African policy identified with Mr. Chamberlain has suffered a moral reverse. This is the purest and the most arbitrary of hypotheses. In the course of five years' administration the best Government that ever was is bound to have made enemies on subsidiary questions, and it is impossible in every case to persuade such malcontents to sink their grievances and concentrate their attention on the main issue presented to them. When it is remembered, too, that the majority gained in 1895 was of quite exceptional magnitude, and that it was won on the single issue of Irish policy, all the chances were against its maintenance in its full strength now, especially as the Home Rule Question has ceased to be a live political issue. How is it, then, that the best instructed section of the electorate—that represented by the Boroughs—has already pronounced for the Government by a majority which in seats is numerically superior to that of 1895 and in votes is overwhelmingly larger? The reasons are, perhaps, not quite so simple as most people imagine. Where millions of voters are concerned the motives must be, to a certain extent, mixed, and, although for the most part the country is, no doubt, convinced that the Unionists may be better trusted to carry out the South African settlement than their opponents, it would be an exaggeration to affirm that that is the only motive by which the Unionist voters have been actuated. Not a few, we imagine, especially in the commercial centres, have been influenced by the great prosperity the country has enjoyed under the present Administration; others have been inspired by the military spirit and have identified the Government with the gallant "Tommies" who have covered themselves with glory in South Africa and the Soudan. A very large number have, we may be sure, been affected by the hopeless chaos of the Opposition councils and by the negative conviction that whatever the faults of the Government they were bound to do better than a Party which has no internal cohesion and no real Leader. At bottom, however, we believe it is permissible to recognise in the verdict of the constituencies a great Imperialist manifestation. At a time when the Empire is showing a marked centripetal tendency, and when the attitude of foreigners is more distinctly hostile to us than it has been within living memory, the country has resolved to give an unrestricted mandate to the Party which is determined at all costs to maintain the unity of the Empire and the supremacy of its trade. It is clear to everybody that in the years that are coming this task will involve serious sacrifices. The question of Army reform alone is one which may transform the whole of our social and political life, and it does not stand alone. Nevertheless, the country has asked no questions. It has declared, in the words of Lord Curzon, that the great position we won for ourselves in an age of monopoly must and shall be preserved in an age of competition and colossal armaments, and it bids the Government take the necessary measures to attain this end. Such, we take it, is the lesson of the General Election. It is a demonstration for the Empire. We trust the

Government will recognise it in this light, and that it will prove equal to the great work of Reconstruction to which it is thus bidden.

The C.I.V.'s
Return

SIR ALFRED MILNER had the gift of prophecy in him strongly when, on bidding good-bye to the City Imperial Volunteers at Cape Town, he predicted that the reception there, wildly enthusiastic as it had been, "was nothing compared to the one they would get on reaching England." It would be difficult to exaggerate the sense of pride all Londoners feel in these gallant men and their brilliant achievements. Before they went out to South Africa, there were many who, while fully recognising their pluck and patriotism, questioned whether they would ever be of much value against such mobile and skilled marksmen as the Boers. Others prophesied that young men taken from the desk and the counter would quickly succumb to malaria and campaigning privations. Very different is the official record of their performances. Irrespective of their journeys by rail, they marched over 1,000 miles, fought in a long succession of hot actions, maintained their discipline from first to last, and preserved their health in a really wonderful manner. The experimental venture of testing the campaigning quality of our citizen Army was thus crowned with the most brilliant success, and there is no longer the slightest question about its actuality as both an insular and an Imperial force. There are necessarily limits to its employment in the latter capacity, but it is a safe assumption that when the C.I.V.'s, after rejoining their respective corps, relate their exploits and adventures, their younger comrades will be fired with emulation to go and do likewise at the first opportunity.

Re-absorbing
the Militia

THE Government does a humane thing by disembodied the Militia before the labour market is surfeited by the return of the Reservists and Auxiliaries from South Africa. When that transfer occurs there is bound to be some temporary lack of employment, and were the Militia simultaneously set free the strain would be all the greater. Happily, there is greater ease in fitting Militiamen into their old places than in the other cases. They generally keep in pretty close touch with their several localities, and, if well-conducted, can almost make sure of getting work. Their recent military training must, at all events, make them better citizens as well as better soldiers; they will have acquired habits of discipline and of "taking the fat with the lean" in all the affairs of life. The nation, for its part, has the satisfaction of knowing that it has transformed a large body of more or less inefficient troops into soldiers who, if not yet quite fit to "go anywhere and do anything," could quickly be brought up to that ideal of military perfection. We may hope, therefore, that desertions will be less frequent from the Militia in future than has been the case in the past. The offence is chiefly rife among "new chums," who are disgusted on discovering that the life of a soldier is not "all beer and skittles." But the lately embodied men must have acquired some measure of *esprit de corps*, and should, therefore, make their younger comrades feel what a disgraceful thing it is to bring odium on a battalion by one of the meanest offences of which a soldier can be guilty.

M. Delcassé
and China

M. DELCASSÉ has made an heroic attempt to provide the Powers with a policy in China, and to lead them to the practical work of negotiating peace with the plenipotentiaries of the King of Heaven. It is to be feared, however, that his programme will meet with little better luck than the ineffective proposals of Count Lambdorff and Count Von Buelow. Its result, so far, has only been to induce the Chinese Court to remove some three hundred and fifty miles further into the interior—a clear and unmistakable intimation that the Dowager-Empress has no intention of coming to terms on the basis set forth in the French Note. We are bound to say that the attitude of the Chinese Government does not surprise us. If, in addition to keeping strong Legation guards at Peking, the Powers are to occupy *militairement* the road from the capital to Tientsin, are to dismantle the Taku forts, and are to prevent the importation of arms and munitions of war into China—including, we suppose, ironclads—what possible inducement can there be for the Imperial Government to return to Peking? To all intents and purposes, Peking and the country east of it, as far as the coast, will be in foreign hands, and the Government itself will be powerless. Under these circumstances it is very natural that the Emperor and Dowager-Empress should prefer to remain in the interior and abandon the Gulf of Pechili to those who would always virtually control it. Moreover, the Chinese Government know very well that the only way in which the Powers can impose the Delcassé proposals on China is by following the Court to Si ngan-fu, and this they are not likely to do. Such an expedition would require a very large force, if only to keep open the long line of communications, and, if persisted in, it might lead to the Central and Southern provinces throwing in their lot with the Emperor and thus bringing about a war of incalculable magnitude. The very last thing that

the Powers want is such a war. Hence the action of the Chinese Court is quite comprehensible and, we are afraid, unanswerable. The Delcassé proposals will have to be very considerably modified if it is hoped to make them the means of a settlement of the Chinese crisis.

The Ashanti
War

No praise could be too high for the thorough manner in which Sir J. Willcocks is rounding off the subjugation of the contumacious Ashantis. Up to the present these truculent savages have been dealt with far too leniently; they had only to make pretence of submissiveness to obtain a practically free hand for the plundering and even the murder of traders. That, they had come to believe, was a vested interest of which they would never be deprived by the white man, provided they conducted themselves tolerably south of Kumassi. But when the white man took in hand the construction of a railway from the coast, and made it known that he was resolved to put down robbery throughout his possessions, the Ashantis flew to arms. To a large extent the situation was very similar to that in the Soudan previous to the "crowning mercy" at Omdurman. In both instances, certain tribes employed their fighting superiority to establish tyranny of the most frightful description over other peoples. And in both cases, too, it was largely our fault for tacitly sanctioning the substitution of anarchy for order. Happily, that scandal has come to an end, and it seems safe to predict that the trade route from the interior through Ashantiland will shortly be as safe as that from Khartoum to Cairo has become. After that is accomplished, all possible despatch should be used in building and equipping the railway. Whether the Ashanti goldfields prove a second Rand or not, there is a grand goldfield in the commerce certain to follow the completion of this too-long-delayed line.

AT the close of autumn many poor families feel that the times must be sadly out of joint for the **The Artificial** price of coals to continue rising. Nor does it **Coal Famine** diminish their misgiving to see that in some of the mining districts the pit-owners have again consented to advance the pitmen's wage rate.

There is, however, one little ray of light athwart the darkened sky. It is now made manifest that American coals can be sold for a much lower price in England than the native article fetches, and it should not be very long, therefore, before the same cheapening which has occurred through importations of food is repeated in the case of fuel. That has already happened in some countries; the last consular report from Siam mentioned that Japanese coal has lately taken the place of British at Bangkok. American supplies have already come into use in some parts of the Continent, again replacing English. There is a distinct possibility, consequently, that, unless our pit-owners can content themselves with reasonable profits and our miners with reasonable wages, they may discover before long the unwisdom of inviting the foreigner to compete in the home market. Patriotism forbids us to wish him success in that endeavour, but, on the other hand, much sympathy with the poor and suffering will be with him in the venture.

IT is not often that the waiter occurs to one as a man with a grievance; the grievance is more often with the customer who has to tip him. **The Waiters' Tip** That, however, is not the view of the waiters who met in Trafalgar Square, and, following the usual precedent, embodied their wrongs in a resolution. The resolution called upon the County Council, that universal refuge of the injured Trade Unionist, to refuse music licenses to restaurants which did not pay their waiters the "union rate of wages," but compelled them to supplement a vanishing or non-existent wage by the customers' tips. That, of course, even a Progressive County Council could not do; but if the waiters are really suffering under an injustice we have a remedy to propose to them. Let them inexorably refuse to take tips. A restaurant served by waiters of this description would attract all London to its doors if only out of curiosity, and the combined pressure of public custom and a properly aroused public opinion, would make it impossible for any restaurant proprietor to refuse to pay his waiters on a scale of magnificence comparable to their nobility of action. But the waiters cannot expect to receive the "union rate of wages" and enlist the tip-ridden customers' sympathy at one and the same time.

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The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTILE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE latest form of disease which, for want of a better name, may be called *liftitis*, must be disagreeable news for the dwellers in flats and riders in the Twopenny Tube. And as so many people nowadays love to reside on the tenth story, or thereabouts, of a house, and delight in converting themselves into human bullets, and being shot from one station to another, one may venture to hope that there is no truth in the terrible account recently promulgated with regard to the various maladies said to be brought about by the frequent use of the lift. Heart disease, bad eyesight, indigestion, and sundry other ailments, are all, it is said, the result of perpetual lift excursions. Though I am not personally aware of having contracted any malady by unbridled indulgence in this kind of locomotion, I may say it is a form of elevation that is always intensely distasteful to me. Both the ascent and descent are generally, to me, productive of disagreeable sensations, and I am ever fancying that something may happen: either that I may have my head knocked against the roof, or that I may find myself sitting in the cellar amongst broken bottles. It is sincerely to be trusted, on account of the many people to whom the lift has become almost indispensable, that this latest scare is not founded on fact.

Should, however, the lift prove to be responsible for the sundry ills attributed to it, the remedy is very simple. You will find in most places where there is a lift there is also a staircase. So if the first does not suit you it is easy enough for you to make use of the second. Besides, there is no doubt of the hygienic advantages of stairs. Cannot some of my readers remember how I dilated, some two or three years ago in this column, on the advantages of the Stair-cure? An old friend of mine who occupied a suite of excellent rooms on the top of a very high building, in which there was no lift, used to give there some of the best dinners in London. Everybody used to complain of his flight of stairs—which were anything but flights of imagination—and many used to arrive panting and puffing after their toilsome ascent. But when they sat down to dinner they had such vast appetites that you would fancy they had only just concluded a twelve-mile walk in the country. You may be certain that the Stair-cure would soon prove an effective antidote to *liftitis*—if, indeed, such a complaint should be found actually to exist.

A friend of mine, who was sitting for his portrait, was told by the photographer: "You are an excellent sitter, you never move a hair's breadth, but directly you are posed every bit of expression goes out of your face, and you at once look like somebody else and not the least like yourself. That is what makes it so very difficult to get a good portrait of you." Now, have not instances like this come within the experience of most of us. I can recall not a few. You see a picture of an old friend. It is admirably posed, it is pictorially effective, it is skilfully lighted, and its photographic qualities are all that could be desired, and yet it is a portrait that you would not accept as a gift, because it is your old friend wearing somebody else's expression that does not fit him. Therefore, the result is altogether unsatisfactory. Some of the best, the most life-like and effective portraits that I have ever seen have been derived from snapshots enlarged. Now why cannot this plan be generally adopted? Let that terribly formal sitting for a photograph—which is nearly as bad as a visit to the dentist—be altogether abandoned. Let the photographer receive his visitor in a large, well-lighted room—in it in the country in a pleasant garden—and let his assistants, with kodaks, be stationed, in the one instance, behind curtains, and in the other concealed by bushes. Then let the photographer engage his siter in amusing conversation, and let the invisible operators watch their opportunities and take snapshots. A selection might be made from these which could be subsequently enlarged, and I have little doubt that the result would be eminently satisfactory. Of course, there might be technical difficulties in the way of all this, but I cannot imagine them to be insurmountable.

There was a time—it must have been a long time ago—when letters after a man's name conferred upon him a certain degree of glory. These ornaments, however, have increased so alarmingly of late years that the plain prefix of "Mr.," or the more ambitious affix of "Esquire," would appear to bestow greater distinction on their wearers than any amount of alphabetical adornment. It is, however, difficult to persuade people of this fact when everybody seems to append letters to his name whenever he can get the chance. This being so, it seems a pity the custom cannot be extended, so that you might be able to get some idea of a man's status when you saw his name in print or received his visiting card. A key to the meaning of the letters would, doubtless, soon be brought out by some enterprising publisher. By carefully perusing it you would soon find that E.B. signified eminent banker, S.S., smart stockbroker, P.P., painstaking plumber, A.B., admirable butcher, E.A., elegant auctioneer, C.C., clever candlestick-maker, L.S.T., long suffering tailor, I.M., influential merchant, T.T., travelling tinker, C.P., cunning company promoter, B.B., benevolent brewer, and so on. It seems a pity in these days, when trade is more important than anything else, that all the notoriety belonging to lettered names should be annexed by the professions, and those who fancy themselves allied thereto.

On several occasions have I called attention to the frequency of explosions in the London streets, and the apathy with which they seem to be treated. Since I returned to the subject the other day there has been another explosion of a most alarming nature hard by St. James's Church, Jermyn Street. Are we to wait till some important public building is ruined or one side of a street demolished before the authorities make a rigid inquiry into the reasons of these catastrophes, and to take means to prevent their repetition? It is difficult to understand the indifference with which these accidents are regarded, when it is borne in mind that it is only by the greatest luck that they have not caused less of life and personal injury.

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“Place aux Dames”

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE beginning of the winter season in London is marked by the reopening of Niagara. Skating is eminently a cold-weather pursuit and as such engages the attention of women when other sports and pastimes are impossible. The immense improvement in ladies' skating of late years is entirely due to these rinks, where practice and competent instruction can be obtained. Time was when this healthful exercise was entirely neglected, as open-air skating can only rarely be indulged in. But the rinks not only give opportunity for healthful exercise, they are also a means of seeing one's friends and of airing pretty dresses. Nowhere does a woman look more charming than on the ice, provided she is slight and graceful.

The elections are now nearly over and ladies are beginning to

Ennui takes a grim hold on many women, and the dread of being alone for one moment has become a positive terror to the majority.

A historical mansion, one of the stately homes of England, Welbeck Abbey, the curious outcome of an eccentric nobleman's freak, narrowly escaped destruction by fire recently. The Duke of Portland's children seem to have been saved only by the courage and presence of mind of the housekeeper. We scarcely realise the danger of fire that is run nightly in all big country houses. An old beam, an over-heated flue, are the usual causes, causes that are often preventible, but sometimes beyond the power of anyone to forestall, and in a moment these old buildings, thoroughly seasoned and dried, burst into flames. The appliances for an ordinary house in case of fire are usually inadequate; perhaps there is no fire-engine nearer than the neighbouring town to be had, the fire escape is missing, the servants are dazed or incompetent, and so some old historic pile filled with priceless art treasures, is burnt to the ground. It is a deplorable fact, and one which owners of houses should lay to their hearts, while using every endeavour to provide for the safety of their mansions.

We know them, we love them, we admire or despise them; they come near to us; they speak to us in a language we understand; they are living, they are real.

To gardeners this is an interesting moment of the year. Londoners complain of damp and dead leaves, the country is busy with her garden. Such an array of spring bulbs is offered to the public by the enterprising nurserymen, never seen before. Such anemones, crimson, white, yellow, making a veritable carpet of colour, and clothing the vegetation with beauty, such daffodils in innumerable double, single, golden, orange-centred, with attractive such delicate mariposa tulips, such hyacinths, shading from through pink, red, and blue to the almost black, and in the snowdrops, harbingers of spring. Plant these brilliant in the grass, the shrubbery, the woodland, and you have a beauty meeting you at every step. There are some little flowers which will refuse to grow in cultivated borders, which shrink from the formal beds and the protective care of the gardener, and which thrive best in shady nooks and green grass where they

Prince Leopold of Battenberg Princess Henry of Battenberg Princess Ena of Battenberg Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein



Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein Prince Alexander of Battenberg The Queen Prince Maurice of Battenberg

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN
From a Photograph by Hughes and Mullins

rest from their labours. Everywhere they have worked hard for their relations and friends, while their costumes have been equal to the occasion. Daintily and effectively they have introduced notes of parti colour into their dresses, avoiding the old garish fashion of wearing gowns of one tint, purple, yellow, green, etc. It has been an opportunity for the display of variety and good taste which has been amply taken advantage of.

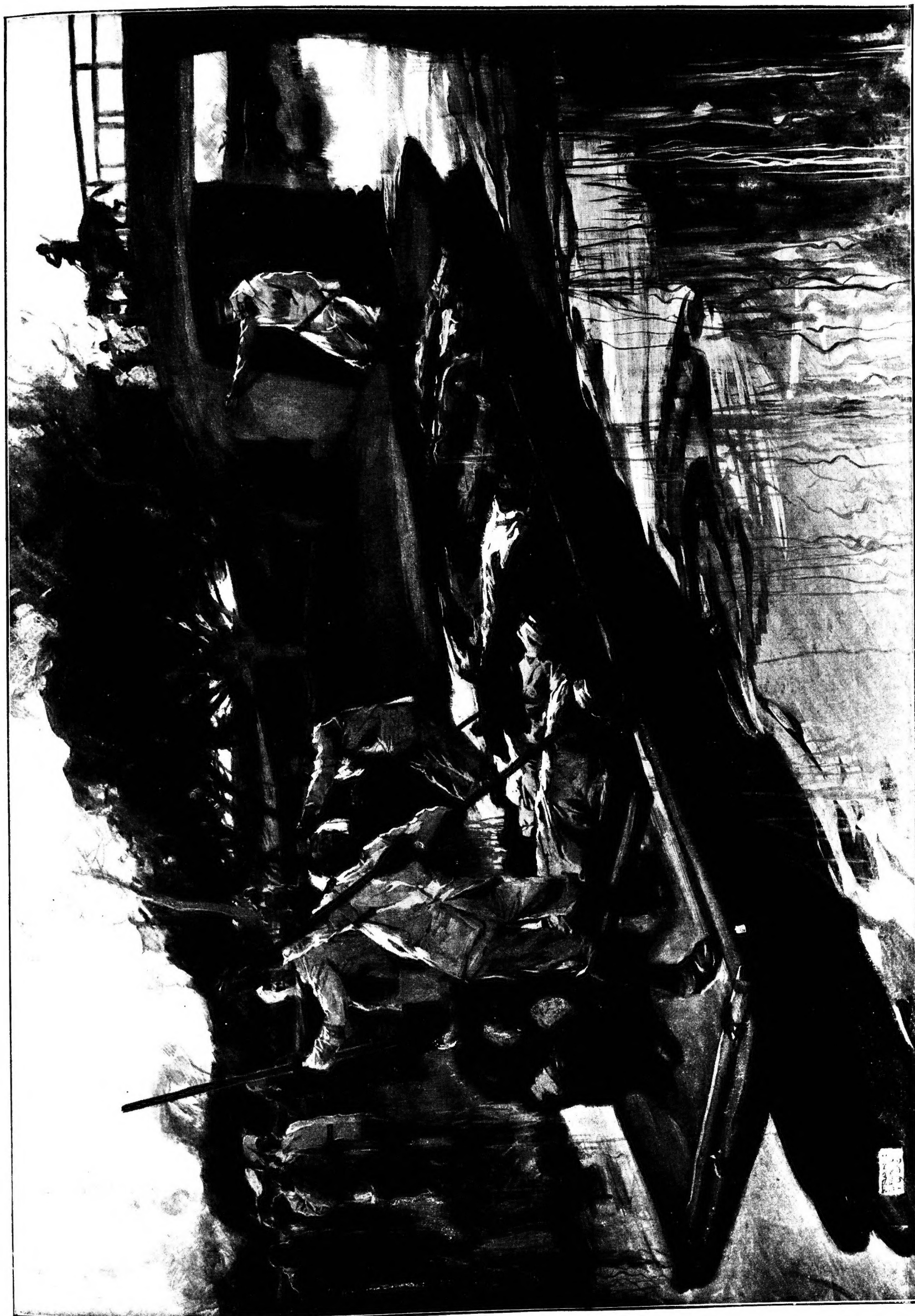
London promises to be gayer this autumn. Batches of weddings are announced, including the marriage of two millionaires' daughters, Miss Casull and Miss D'Arcy, and, with Parliament sitting, Shakespearean plays at one theatre, German comedies at two others, innumerable concerts and the usual playhouses open, the C.I.V.'s and the Guards coming home, there will be a wealth of amusement and occupation for everybody. Amusement has become a necessary of life for us moderns. The English no longer take their pleasures sadly. They are as restless and eager for change and excitement as ever were the Greeks, and the quiet family life, the home readings, the domestic circle of our grandmothers are now entirely obsolete. Whether we are happier, better able to fight the struggle of life in consequence, is a doubtful matter.

All the heroes and heroines of history seem likely to figure shortly on the stage. We have already had two Charles II.'s, two Nell Gwyn's, Claverhouse, Robespierre, Oliver Cromwell, Mary Stuart, Lady Castlemaine and Julius Caesar, and we are shortly promised Marie Antoinette, Benvenuto Cellini, and Paolo and Francesca, the latter having almost attained to the dignity of history. Yet all these impersonations are usually very unlike their prototypes. It seems as if the glamour of real individuality could not make itself felt beyond the footlights, the Kings and Queens appear mere puppets, the heroes and heroines who swayed nations, died for love, and conquered hearts, prove very ordinary persons, such as one could meet any day in a railway carriage, and the influence they exerted seems quite out of proportion to their personalities. Is it the fault of the poet, the dramatist or the actor? It is difficult to say. But even the greatest modern plays are unconvincing. Perhaps the times are too remote, the characters too abstract, the difference of manners and customs too pronounced, the feelings and opinions of men and women we have never known too incomprehensible. Suffice it, they never seem as real to us as the creations of fancy, the Three Musketeers of Dumas, the Becky Sharp of Thackeray, the Oliver Twist of Dickens, the Jane Eyres, the Mrs. Tanquerays, the Dame aux Camelias—these we feel have lived and suffered.

form a delightful little colony and patch of colour. But all various idiosyncrasies require the eye of the owner, of the woman who loves her flowers, and thus October and November, dull and melancholy in town, are precious and happy months to the country dweller.

Dressmaking has never been the forte of Englishwomen, it was not surprising that a little girl, interrogated by the school teacher as to who made her vile body, answered truth and in matter-of-fact fashion, "Please, m'm, mother made the dress and I made the skirt."

Co-operative kitchens as advocated by Miss Austin, were excellent things, but where are we to find the cooks? They were worse and scarcer every day. Automatic roasters and penny-in-the-slot friers and stewers would be more to their purpose. An invasion of French women cooks to show us how to do la cuisine bourgeoise, the wholesome, succulent, thrifty cuisine of every class or humble establishment in France, would solve the problem. Can we not persuade some of these ladies to find a temporary here?



DRAWN BY FRANK CHAD

A Correspondent writes:—"The Japanese have excited the greatest admiration on all sides for the pluck they displayed in the operations against the boxers. It was most touching to see how, when some of those who had been killed in action were taken down the canal in barges by their comrades, officers of various nationalities on the bank saluted the mournful boat-loads as they passed. For once all jealousies were forgotten in a common sympathy."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT OSWALD FLOWER

THEIR LAST JOURNEY: PAYING A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO JAPANESE SOLDIERS KILLED DURING THE RELIEF OF PEKING

The International Humorist

By FOULTNEY FIGELOW

MARK TWAIN is the most travelled philosopher of my acquaintance, as he is the most philosophic traveller in this moving age. This is much to say, when such notable travellers as Rudyard Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, Henty, and Pierre Loti suggest to the average reader that to hold an audience one must know the world—the world of fact as well as fancy.

My first practical insight into Mark Twain was between Bloemfontein and Pretoria, shortly after the Jameson Raid. Mark Twain was not there, but a telegraph message signed "Mark" informed me that latitude and longitude made no difference with him in such matters as human wants. Dr. Leyds, who was then Prime Minister of Mr. Kruger's alleged Republic, had dexterously appropriated my despatch-case containing amongst much literary matter of questionable value, a letter of credit without which I was "poor indeed."

Mark Twain had just arrived on the coast, sick in heart and body. He had suffered a domestic loss which alone seemed to close out all prospect of future happiness. He was himself in such wretched physical health that a large proportion of his lectures had to be cancelled, and the audiences whom he did meet little realised at what cost their amusement was provided. And as though these two blows were not enough, an inscrutable providence had swept away the earnings of a lifetime which had been invested in a publishing business.

This financial crash was, practically, no concern of the author's, but he heroically, if not quixotically, undertook the responsibility of paying off obligations incurred by those whom he trusted, and thus, at a time when most of us think of enjoying the fruit of our labours, Mark Twain commenced life anew with no capital of human making and no incentive to live beyond his incomparable wife—his wisest editor—and his two daughters.

Mark Twain learned of my plight through an advertisement in a South African paper, and at once clapped a mortgage in his brain and offered me assistance. That telegram is now the most precious human document in my little archive, and as a bit of a biography it is the more interesting for being typical. Let me hasten to add, in justice to Dr. Leyds, that when his Secret Service gentlemen had satisfied themselves that my papers could damage no one but myself, they returned them to me in excellent condition without even asking for extra carriage.

Before this episode Mark Twain, biographically, had been to me little more than a literary idol; the master amongst many notable after-dinner speakers, the most many-sided social figure of my acquaintance. It needed but the trials of that period marked by the Jameson Raid to show us Mark Twain as one of the few teachers who have lived up to the doctrines of their philosophy.

In talking with Mark Twain over a course of years, I am trying to recall some instance in which he may have allowed personal feeling to control his judgment regarding another's writing. It is a hopeless failure. I remember, as we all do, instances in which writers have gone somewhat out of their way to say an unkind and unjust thing of him. But the one person who seemed never to have heard of the episode, was the intended victim. I recall vividly the emphatic delight with which Mark Twain hailed the advent of Kipling—it seems only yesterday. He recognised the genuine humour, the comprehensive spirit, the forcible fist of the well-equipped literary gladiator. No one ever heard Mark Twain patronising or pooh-poohing the younger generation of aspiring rivals in the literary field. W. W. Jacobs, as a novice, found no more sympathetic reader than the author of "Life on the Mississippi," nor has G. A. Henty, the British boys' favourite, a more generous rival than the author of "Tom Sawyer." "Mark" dotes on "Mr. Dooley."

With other men, this quality might suggest indifference or hypocrisy. With Mark Twain it is nothing of the kind—it is downright incapacity to understand the pettinesses which disturb so large a portion of the Republic of Letters.

The German Emperor felt honoured by the opportunity to meet Mark Twain, and beamed like a happy schoolboy at the prospect of seeing in the flesh the man whose works he knew by heart. Mark Twain's acquaintance with crowned heads is comprehensive, for in whatever country of the world he pitches his tent, the great people of that country immediately feel their greatness incomplete until they have met the author of the "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." The Press has interviewed him with varying success for the past forty years, yet nowhere do we find a trace of the egotism which revels in the mention of titles and worldly distinctions. Mark Twain has enjoyed the hospitality of the best men and women in almost every Court and Colony throughout the civilised and uncivilised world. He was born in Missouri, apprenticed to the Mississippi, graduated a journalist in Nevada, became famous in California; became happy in New York (where he married); built his home in Hartford, Connecticut, where the bulk of his literary work was produced. Berlin, Vienna, Calcutta, Melbourne, Pretoria, the Sandwich Islands, Paris, or Florence—put your finger on almost any interesting spot of the globe, and you find there not only the readers of his books, but the real men and women who know him in the flesh and love him for his humanness.

Lord Hopetoun and the Australian Commonwealth

By G. COLLINS LEVEY, C.M.G.

THE departure of Lord Hopetoun from this country marks another stage in the history of Australian Federation. In the eloquent words of Lord Rosebery a few nights ago at Edinburgh, "we have launched Canada, we have formed India, and now we are giving Australia her crown and creating a subsidiary Empire," and "Lord Hopetoun is to be the chosen Minister and Viceroy to start this great experiment." The constitution by which the Commonwealth of Australia has been created is the work of its people, and with one slight alteration has obtained the unqualified endorsement of the Queen, Lords, and Commons of the United Kingdom. The framers of the Act of Parliament which calls the new nation into existence having before them the constitutions of the United States and Canada endeavoured to profit by their experience, and to avoid certain mistakes which they had committed. The crux with our American Cousins has been the conflict between the rights and powers of the individual States and the Central Government at Washington. The statesmen who drew up the Constitution of Canada avoided this pitfall, defined the respective positions with exactitude, gave almost everything to Ottawa

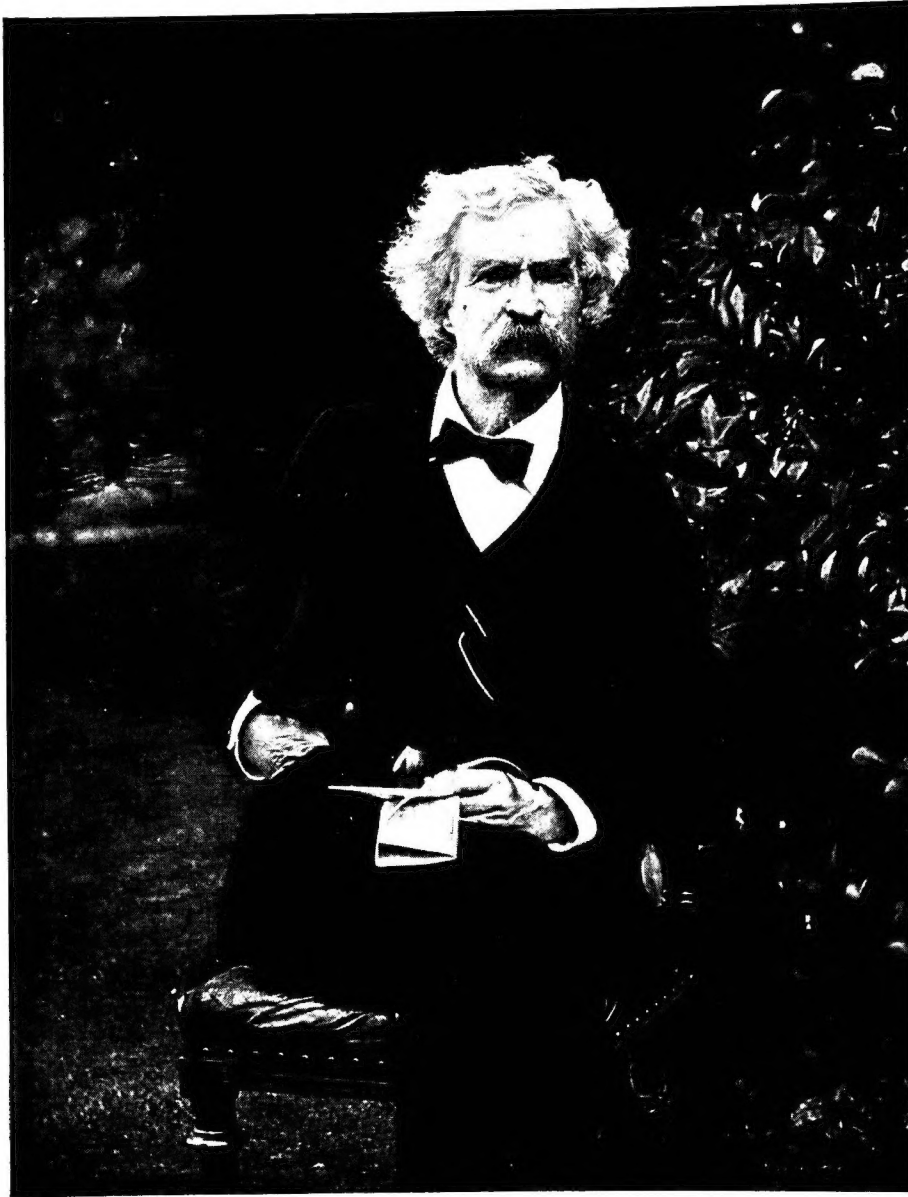
the early days of Australian Federation questions will arise which will require much tact and ingenuity to solve in a satisfactory manner. The first and not the least difficult task before Lord Hopetoun will be the selection of his Ministers. By the irony of fate and the probability of colonial politics the statesmen who took an active part in framing the Constitution, and obtained for it the assent of the Australian Legislatures and people, are no longer in power. Lord Hopetoun will possess a very wide discretion in the choice of the man who is to be the first Premier of the new Commonwealth. The general belief is that the Governor-General will make his choice from among the delegates who recently represented the five colonies, which, up to that date, had agreed to federate, in the negotiations which were conducted with the Colonial Office while the Australian Commonwealth Bill was being debated in the British Parliament. Either Mr. Barton, of New South Wales, or Mr. Deakin, of Victoria, would make an admirable Prime Minister for a federated Australia, but the choice of the Governor-General is by no means confined to these statesmen, or even to Mr. Kingston (South Australia), Mr. Dickson (Queensland), or Sir Philip Fysh (Tasmania), who were their fellow-delegates in London. The present Premiers of South Wales and Victoria, and the Leaders of the Opposition in those colonies, Mr. Reid and Sir George Turner, are by no means out of the running, and, indeed, both those last-mentioned gentlemen have strong claims, inasmuch as they have always been strong advocates of federation. It is quite upon the cards that Lord Hopetoun may choose someone quite outside the charmed circle whose names have been prominently before the public, and may see greater merit in a "dark horse" than in any of the favourites.

Federation and its Advocates

Most federations from the days of the Achaian League to those of the Dominion of Canada have been brought about by the desire of a number of small communities, with a common origin and speaking a common language, to unite together as a means of mutual protection against a powerful neighbour. In the case of Switzerland, even difference of language and of race did not prevent the inhabitants of the Cantons from banding together to protect themselves from absorption by Austria, Savoy, or Burgundy. It is an open secret that the principal object of the great men who brought about the federation of the provinces of British North America was to enable them to wage the industrial and fiscal contest against the United States with a greater prospect of success, and thereby better develop the large area of unoccupied territory between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains. No such considerations actuated the statesmen and journalists who for the last twenty years have been endeavouring to bring about the federation of Australia. They saw that the progress of their island continent was checked by hostile tariffs, competing railway systems, and a conflict of laws which every year became more irksome as the Legislatures of the six colonial capitals passed additional and contradictory statutes. The advocates of federation saw besides that with six different military centres united action for defence was impossible, and they decided upon doing something to weld the weak and separate sticks into one strong and compact bundle. One step was the contribution of the combined Australian Colonies to the fleet of the Imperial Navy; another was joint federal legislation about matters about which all were interested. But the tree of federation, like all other products of the soil, which are destined to longevity, was of slow growth. In Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania, there has always been a strong desire to federate, but for many years New South Wales, the oldest and the most populous colony, stood out. However, she gradually came into line, and was followed by Queensland and Western Australia. Delegates from all those provinces met together and drafted a Bill creating a Constitution, providing that any three colonies might federate. Subsequently the measure was approved by five of the local Legislatures, and the people of those colonies were invited to express their assent or dissent to the Bill by a plebiscite in which each elector voted. Everywhere, except in New South Wales, the Bill obtained the necessary majority, but in the Mother Colony it failed to do so. But during the following year a second appeal to the inhabitants of all the Australias, except Western Australia, was made. On this occasion the majorities were sufficient, and a Bill to establish a Commonwealth of Australia was introduced in the House of Commons at an early period of last Session by the Chamberlain. It passed through all its stages in the British Parliament with only one alteration, to which we shall presently refer, and provision having been made that West Australia could, if it chose, join the Commonwealth as an original State, the Premier of that colony, Sir John Forrest, took the necessary steps to carry out that object, with the result that the five colonies of the mainland and that of the adjoining island of Tasmania are to-day the Commonwealth of Australia.

Forming a Ministry

The first Prime Minister of Australia will, so soon as he has been entrusted by Lord Hopetoun with the formation of a Federal Cabinet, have important duties to perform. He will have to choose his colleagues from among the politicians of the colonies, and after his selection has been approved by the Governor-General the new Ministry will have to make preparations for the elections to the Senate and the Lower House.



MARK TWAIN, WHO SAILED FOR AMERICA LAST SATURDAY AFTER A LONG RESIDENCE IN THIS COUNTRY
The latest Portrait, by G. Randall

and relegated the provinces to a position of minor importance. The Australian Constitution, on the other hand, allows the Legislatures of the various States which compose the Commonwealth to retain considerable power, and confines the functions of the Central Government to a number of matters, of which the most important are the relations with countries outside Australia, defence, customs, post office and telegraphs. In Canada everything is in the hands of the Ottawa Government which is not given expressly to the provinces; in Australia everything is retained by the provinces which is not expressly conferred upon the Central Government. In the Dominion the Governors of the provinces are appointed by the Governor-in-Council; while in Australia, the Chief of the Executive at Sydney, Melbourne, and the other capitals will continue to be chosen by the Crown, and will enjoy the honours and status due to a representative of the Sovereign who has been directly appointed by the Queen.

The First Premier

The task and responsibilities of the Governor-General of Australia, and especially of the Viceroy who is to launch this great experiment, will be none the less weighty because his powers and prerogatives are defined and limited by Statute. Perhaps they are all the more arduous on that very account. The work of administering a written constitution which may have to be interpreted in a court of law is incalculably more difficult than in the case of one which, like that of the United Kingdom, has been of gradual growth, and has slowly lengthened out from precedent to precedent. It is probable that in

The suffrage is practically universal, and in South Australia females as well as males are entitled to the franchise, while the qualification for a member of either House of Parliament is the same as that of an elector. The only difference between the composition of the two Chambers is that for the election of members to the Lower House each colony is divided into districts, while for the Senate the electors of each colony, except Queensland, vote as a whole. The number of members returned to the Lower House by each colony depends upon its population, so that New South Wales and Victoria could, if they acted together, swamp their four neighbours. But for the Senate the example of the United States has been followed, and each province will return the same number of members, viz., six.

Interpreting the Constitution

One of the earliest tasks which will fall to the new cabinet will be the nomination of the Judiciary, not for any individual State, but for the whole Commonwealth. This Court, like the Supreme Court of the United States, will be the interpreter of the Constitution, and it is probable that in the first few years of the forthcoming century its work will be by no means light. The respective powers of the Senate and the House of Representatives—which have no executive functions, under the Federal Constitution, but possess between them the same powers that are enjoyed by the two Houses of Parliament in the United Kingdom—and the rights of the individual States and of the Commonwealth will have to be decided by this tribunal. There is, however, an appeal from its decisions to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council until that body is superseded by the new and more august tribunal which is shortly to be created by statute.

The Commonwealth Bill, as originally drafted, provided that no appeal should be permitted from the Federal High Court in any matter involving the interpretation of the Constitution unless the public interests of some other part of Her Majesty's Dominion were involved. This proviso was objected to by the Imperial Government, and, after a lengthy deliberation, it was decided that no appeal from a decision of the Federal High Court shall be allowed, except when the High Court itself approves. The result will be that although no vexatious appeals on trivial points will be permitted, the interpretation of the Australian Constitution will be left in all cases of doubt to the decision of the highest and most distinguished Court in the Empire.

The Choice of a Capital

The choice of a capital will cause a great deal of local feeling. The mutual jealousies of Sydney and Melbourne have precluded either of those cities being selected, although Melbourne will be the seat of Government for some time. But the permanent capital is to be in New South Wales, at some place more than a hundred miles from Sydney. The probability is that the favoured spot will be somewhere on the line of railway between the two great cities of Australia, and Goulburn as the nearest large town to Sydney, Albury as that most contiguous to Melbourne, and Wagga Wagga, which is about half-way between the two seaports, have all of them their advocates.

Tariffs and Inter-Colonial Trade

The settlement of the financial and fiscal questions will tax the ingenuity and statecraft of Lord Hopetoun's advisers to the uttermost. At present, each Australian colony derives a large portion of its revenue from Customs duties which are levied upon goods brought into its ports, whether their origin is beyond sea or from some other portion of Australia. Under Federation there will be inter-colonial free-trade, so that a large portion of the existing revenue from Customs will no longer be received. Of the income remaining one-fourth will be handed over to the Federal Government, the sole resources of which are derivable from Customs and Excise, and three-fourths retained by the different States. As it is generally considered that the amount derivable from indirect taxation cannot be safely reduced, the tariff common to Federated Australia must be higher than that levied by any individual colony in order to make up for the deficiency caused by inter-colonial free-trade. And on what principle will the new duties be levied? The fiscal policy of New South Wales is free-trade, that of Victoria protection; the other colonies do a great deal in their tariffs to foster "native industries." It is probable that there will be a hard fight, and possibly one or two general elections before the tariff is agreed upon. Until that period the duties in force at the present time will continue to be levied, and inter-State intercourse will be restricted as it is at present. Even when inter-colonial free-trade has been gained, certain concessions will be allowed to



LADY HOPETOUN, WIFE OF THE FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH

From a Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street

Western Australia in recognition of her peculiar position, and the desire of her inhabitants to become self-supporting in the matter of her food supply.

New Zealand

Such are some of the difficulties before Lord Hopetoun and his advisers. It is hoped that in addition to finding a satisfactory solution to all of them, they may induce New Zealand, which is separated by 1,200 miles of ocean from the Australian Continent, if not to throw in her lot with her nearest neighbour, and help them to become the Dominant Power in the South Pacific, at any rate, to join with them in a scheme for mutual defence. Even without the Great Britain of the South, as the inhabitants of Maoriland style these two fine islands, Australia has a larger territory than the United States, exclusive of Alaska, and twice the population and five times the revenue and trade of the

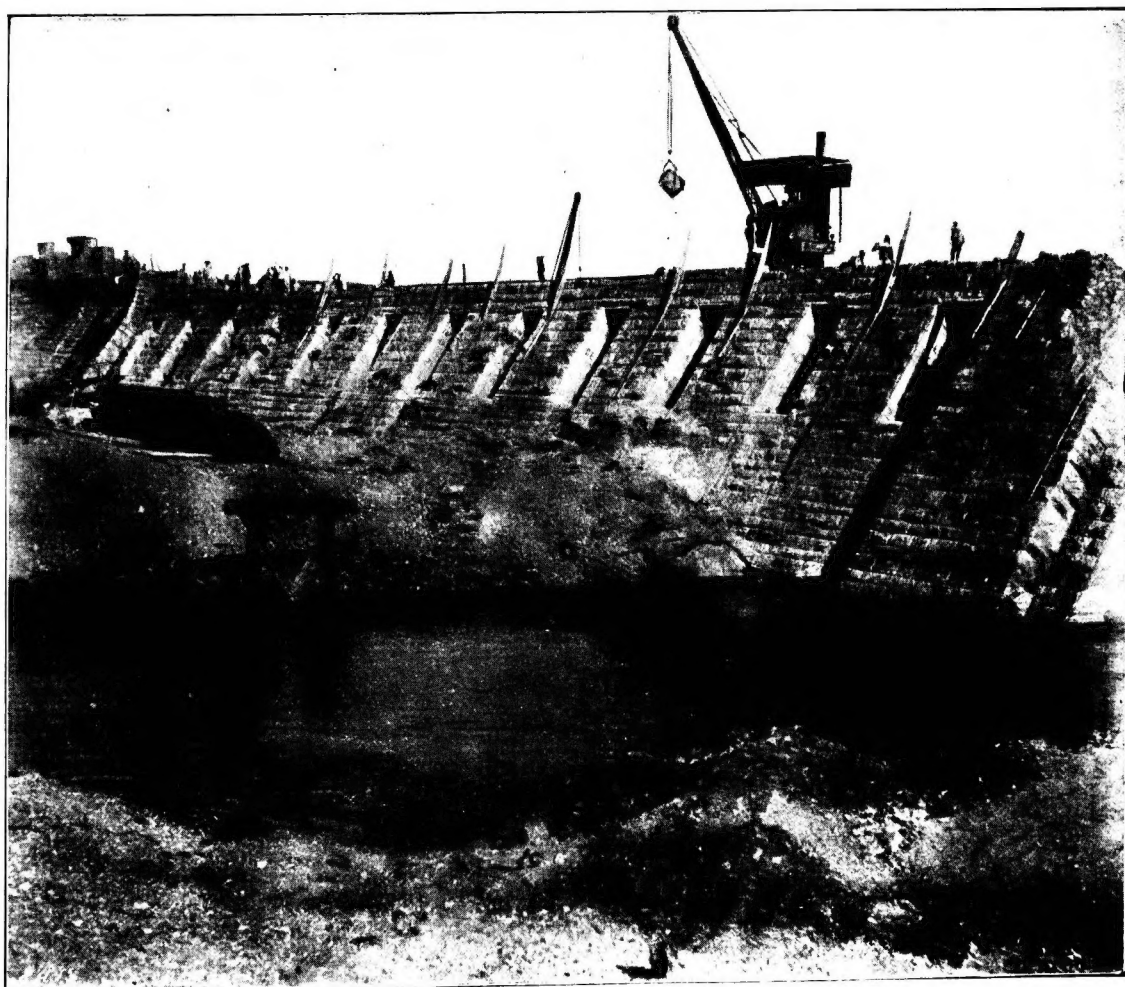
Great Republic when it first commenced its independent existence more than a century ago. No better selection than that of Lord Hopetoun for the first Governor-General could have been made by Her Majesty's Government. While Governor of Victoria he gained golden opinions from all classes of the people, and was one of the most popular representatives of the British Crown who had ever held office in any part of Australia. There is no reason to doubt that he will be equally successful in the larger sphere of usefulness that has now been afforded him. Since his return from Melbourne he has been a member of the Salisbury Ministry, and was only recently Lord Chamberlain, a position which requires the exercise of that tact which Lord Hopetoun possesses so abundantly. In the words of Lord Rosebery the other night at Edinburgh, "We congratulate the Sovereign, we congratulate the Government, and we congratulate the people of Australia on the choice that has been made."

The Nile Dam at Assouan

THE Nile is now falling, has been falling since the beginning of the month, and by the first week in November the works on the Great Dam at Assouan will be echoing again to the sound of the stonemason's chisel, and to the tramp of thousands of workmen. From November until July next the work will go on, and by the end of that time the back of the task will be broken, and the great masonry wall, a mile and a quarter from shore to shore, will be up to the level of high Nile. Readers of *The Graphic* are familiar with the main features of the dam and of the First Cataract. At this point of the Nile the river runs between an archipelago of rocky islets, submerging many of them at high Nile, and always rushing fiercely through the channels between them. The masonry is built from island to island, and when it is finished will present a broad carriage road reaching from bank to bank and more than 300 feet above the lowest water level below it. At present nearly all the foundations have been laid. There are a number of channels, of which the one on the left bank is called the Great West Channel, and the next in importance are the three channels nearer the middle, called the Bab-el-Sogair, the Bab-el-Haron, and the Bab-el-Kebir. The foundations for the Western Channel are the only foundations not yet laid; those of the three Babs have been for some time finished, and during the last season their sluices were completed.

The type of dam selected is that of "an unsubmergible masonry dam," pierced with numerous under-sluices, through which will pass the silt-laden waters of the floods, while the clear supply at the close of the inundation may be impounded with no risk of inconvenient silting-up of the reservoir. These sluices, about six feet each in width, number 180, divided into eighteen groups of ten each. The piers between the sluices are some nine feet wide; but in order to enable failures, should they occur, to be localised the groups of ten are separated by massive abutment piers. Starting from the west bank the following is an accurate statement of the present position of the work, supposing it divided into the eighteen sections we have mentioned. First section of sluices, not done but foundations in. Second section, foundations not in. Third, fourth and fifth sections, foundations in but no sluices. Sixth section, sluices and foundations completed. Seventh section, foundations in. Eighth section, foundations in and sluices partly completed. Ninth, tenth and eleventh sections (at which our photograph was taken) sluices as well as foundations completed. Twelfth to sixteenth sections, foundations in, sluices begun. Seventeenth section, foundations in and sluices half done. Eighteenth section, sluices all completed and the dam finished right up to its eastern extremity.

The traffic of the river is to be provided for by a chain of locks, in number six or seven. This is at the western extremity of the dam, and is called the navigation channel. It runs at right angles to the dam. The excavations for the navigation channel are all complete; the masonry foundations are in and are well advanced. By the end of the present working season the locks and lock-gates will actually be in position. We are indebted for these precise particulars of the present state of the work on the great dam to Mr. John Blue, who is the acting engineer for Messrs. John Aird on the works at Assouan. We may add that by the aid of this present spell of work on the dam the works will have been in progress more than three years, and are a monument *à perennius* to the success of British enterprise and engineering, which, in the teeth of innumerable obstacles, have carried, and are carrying, this great feat to a triumphant conclusion.



VIEW AT ASSOUAN SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT FOR SLUICES
THE GREAT NILE DAM: ITS PRESENT CONDITION

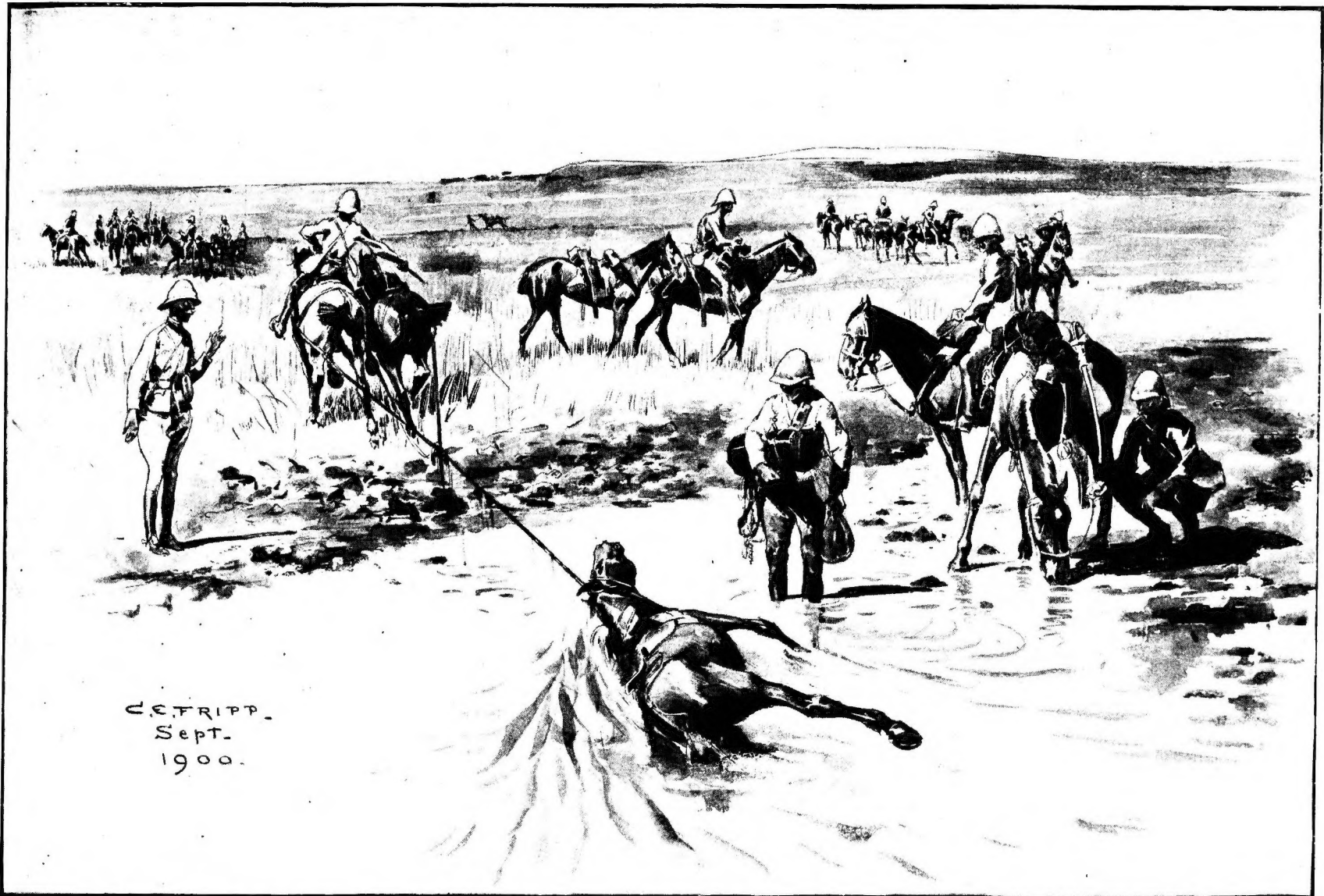


The two ladders reared up outside the *Daily Graphic* office in the Strand never fail to attract the passer-by. Especially has this been the case during the past few days, when fresh county results are announced during the afternoon. The expressions of passengers on the roofs of omnibuses afford quite a

study. First, there is an inquiring look on the upturned faces, but before the omnibus has passed by that expression has changed to a broad grin on most of them, as the figures of Lord Salisbury and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman mounting the ladders are recognised.

HOW ARE THE ELECTIONS GOING? PASSERS-BY LOOKING AT THE "DAILY GRAPHIC" LADDER

DRAWN FROM THE "DAILY GRAPHIC" OFFICE, IN THE STRAND, BY A. S. BOYD



C. E. FRIPP.
Sept.
1900.

Our Special Artist writes:—"Many a starved animal, weak from over work, is ridden by an 'absent-minded beggar' into the muddy dam to drink. The sticky mud holds the poor beast with a tenacity with which it cannot in its exhausted condition cope. In its struggles to escape it falls, and then it is usually

done for. If not left to expire of suffocation and pollute the dam—usually the case on the march—it is hauled to the bank as shown in my sketch, the trooper meanwhile cursing his luck at having got his kit wet and having to foot it until a remount is found somewhere."

THE EFFECTS OF CAMPAIGNING IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE END OF A TROOP HORSE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.



A WATER POLO MATCH: THE BALL AMONG THE SPECTATORS
A LADIES' NIGHT AT THE BATH CLUB
DRAWN BY A. BALLOL SALMON

The Crisis in China

By CHARLES LOWE

As we continue to be gravely assured by the Government of Washington that there is still no state of war between China and the Allied Powers, who have already landed something like 70,000 troops in the Celestial Empire, it follows that the situation created by the late bombardments and bloodshed from Taku to Peking was a mere dramatic episode of a diplomatic crisis.

A New German Proposal

The Chinese Emperor's Edicts of September 25 were followed about a week later by a Circular Note from the German Government, which practically amounted to an abandonment of its first demand for the handing over of the Boxer malefactors, and an acceptance of the principle of "autonomous justice" in China as counter-proposed by the United States. In this circular Note Count Bilow proposed to the Powers to come to an agreement to instruct their diplomatic representatives in China to examine and give their opinion on the following three points: 1. Whether the list contained in the Edict of the persons to be punished is sufficient and correct. 2. Whether the punishments proposed meet the case. 3. In what way the Powers can control the carrying out of the penalties imposed. These were German proposals which President McKinley hastened to accept, and which would seem to have also commended themselves in principle to the favour of all the other interested Powers. At the same time the Government of Washington, while disposed to regard the Imperial Edicts as the degradation of the leading villains of the play as a well-meaning step in the right direction, "thought well, in view of the vagueness of the Edict with regard to the punishment which some of the inculpated persons are to receive, to signify to the Chinese Minister the President's view that it would be most regrettable if Prince Tuan should escape such full measure of exemplary punishment as the facts warrant, or if Kung Yi or Chao-shu-chian should receive other than their just deserts." With a view, therefore, to enable the Government at Washington to form a judgment on these points, the American Minister at Peking was instructed to report whether the Edict completely names the persons deserving of chastisement, whether the punishments proposed accord with the gravity of the crimes committed, and in what manner the United States and the other Powers are to be assured that satisfactory punishment will be inflicted. Thus, it will be seen, that, in writing thus, the State Department simply re-echoed the language of the German Government, with which it shared the opinion that the Edict in question was an important initial step in the direction of peace and order in China.

French Thoroughness

And so it was. But now on there stepped to the front of the diplomatic stage M. Delcassé, who, on behalf of France, indulged in his best bow and made proclamation, so to speak, of the following proposals as the suggested basis of negotiations with Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang regarding "proper reparations for the past and serious guarantees for the future." But "serious" is scarcely the word for those proposals, namely:—1. The punishment of the leading guilty personages, who would be designated by the representatives of the Powers at Peking. 2. The maintenance of the interdiction of the importation of arms. 3. Equitable indemnities for the States, Companies, and private individuals. 4. The constitution, in Peking, of a permanent guard for the Legations. 5. The dismantling of the fortifications of Taku. 6. The military occupation of two or three spots on the road from Tientsin to Peking, which would thus always keep the route open for the Legations should they wish to reach the sea-shore, and for the troops which from the sea-coast might have to march to the Chinese capital.

The French thought that they were very harshly treated by the Germans in 1871 when negotiating for peace, but what will the Chinese think of those astonishing French conditions, which, as the leading German journal justly observed, are tantamount to the "complete military control" of the Celestial Empire by the European Powers? The Kaiser, no doubt, chuckled to find that the chief burden of responsibility for the Chinese settlement has thus been suddenly shifted from his own shoulders to those of poor Delcassé, who was naïve enough to remark that "it would seem impossible that the acceptance of these most legitimate conditions should not be promptly imposed on the Chinese Government if they were presented collectively by the Powers and supported by the presence of the international troops." But it is to be presumed that the Powers will be much more slow in following this sweeping French lead than they were in assenting to the modified proposal of Germany.

The Imperial Court

It is hoped that those increasingly numerous diplomatic notes will prove more efficacious than dynamite shells in promoting a settlement of the question at issue, but it is feared by many that no real progress in this direction can be made until the return of the Imperial Court to Peking, to which it has not yet been induced to return by the German Kaiser's enticing promise of a safe-conduct. Far from returning to Peking that Court, according to a despatch sent to the Chinese Ministers abroad from the southern Viceroy, is on its way to Si-gnan-fu, where it will be established safe from the interference of the "foreign devils." The Court, said this despatch, removed to its present destination owing "to the distressing condition of affairs at Tai-yuen-fu." Scarcity of food, it said, prevailed throughout the Province of Shansi owing to the long-continued drought. The capital was almost deserted, the tradespeople having left on account of the disturbances caused and continued for months by the Boxer rebels who had invaded the provinces with the encouragement of the Governor, Yu. Their Majesties were, therefore, obliged to proceed to Shensi, where telegraphic communication with their Majesties is possible, thus enabling Court and official business to be transacted more expeditiously than in Shansi. On the other hand, their Imperial Majesties, explained the despatch, are at present deterred from returning to Peking by reason of the "presence of the Allied Forces there, on

account of which solicitous fear is doubtless entertained, besides a dread of an outbreak of epidemic diseases, which often follow after great disturbances, destruction of property and the military operations."

Military Events

In the meantime, while diplomacy is active, the military actors in the curious drama are not altogether idle. They have made a fresh capture—this time of Shan-kai-kwan, which surrendered to a British gunboat acting in the commission of a council of Admirals, and troops left Tientsin to garrison the place, which gives the Allies an additional hold on the road to Peking. "Pending orders from Count Waldersee," said a Japanese despatch, "a provisional arrangement has been made, according to which the northern gate of the town is guarded by French and British, the eastern by Russians, the southern by Germans, and the western by Italian and Japanese forces." Thus Count Waldersee is already active and his countrymen are stirring. "The Germans," said another despatch, "have demanded possession of the railway from Tientsin to Peking. The Russians have agreed to the demand, and the Germans will shortly begin to repair the wrecked portion of the railway between Yangtsun and Peking." It is said that 8,000 Germans will winter at Peking. But they are already beginning to experience the difficulties of their campaign, which has entered on a visibly more energetic phase with the advent of Count Waldersee. A German force of 500 men which started for Ching-hai-Hsien, with a view to preparing the expedition to Pao-ting-fu, suffered a reverse and had to return to Tientsin. On the other hand, a landing party from H.M.'s cruiser *Aurora* has occupied Ching-Wan-Tao, which is known as one of the largest and most important harbours of Northern China, as well as a possible winter station for a British Squadron. It is a small island off a rocky point, and the neighbouring mainland is very rich in coal, copper, and iron mines. The Russians, too, occupied Mukden on October 1 with no less than a force of eleven infantry battalions, forty guns, two squadrons of Cossacks, &c., who found "many guns of the latest pattern as well as large quantities of munitions of war." At the same time the Russians do not mean to remain for ever there. Oh, no. "A communication from the Minister of War states that with a view to the speedier re-establishment of friendly relations with China, the Emperor has been pleased to decide not to incorporate any portion of Chinese territory with the Russian Dominions, but to confine himself to the adoption of measures required to secure the peaceable and safe use of the railways carried by us through Manchuria and the undisturbed navigation of our ships on the Amur."

PEKING AFTER THE RELIEF

THE following letter has been received from the late Mr. J. G. Hancock, whose interesting diary of the siege of the Legations we published last week.

"H.B.M. Legation, Peking,
"August 30, 1900.

"No mails have reached us yet, but I daresay we shall have them up in a day or so. A convoy of women and children is leaving on Wednesday, so that we shall soon be settled down again. I am back in my rooms again. They have been occupied by the ladies of the Japanese Legation. The bedroom window has been knocked out by a cannon ball, but otherwise it is not much damaged. As you know, by my first letter, two muzzleloaders were placed on the Imperial City Wall. The ball that burst my window came right through, broke its way through the mosquito curtains, hit the wall the other side, knocked down all the photos and pictures I had on my sitting-room wall, bounced back and fell on to the bed at the feet of a little lady who was asleep there. Rather a narrow escape. We used to have pretty hard nights here, having to do twenty-four hours' duty at a stretch, doing two hours on and four hours off, so that we did not manage to get much sleep, especially as we had to turn out whenever the enemy opened fire. Some of the firing has been very heavy, the last week being the worst of all, a new force of men armed with modern magazine rifles having turned up. Explosive bullets, too, were used to a great extent. One of our men, Warren, was killed, and another, Townsend, wounded. He was wounded in a sortie we made to capture a Chinese gun which had been shelling us pretty severely. The Japs were to go one way, and a party of Italians, seven British Marines, and five students were to make a front attack, led by the Italian officer. He, however, seems to have got confused as to his whereabouts, and led us down at the charge at a barricade at the end of a narrow lane. From this bullets were poured into us, and when we were well up the Chinese opened fire from some loopholed houses on our left rear. The officer was wounded in two places, two Italians were killed and five of us wounded. It is a wonder any of us came out alive. It seemed a perfect death-trap. The Japs on the same occasion lost one killed and two wounded, and we never got near the gun. We have had to live on horse-flesh for seven weeks or more as there was absolutely nothing else; now we can have beef and mutton galore, and are enjoying ourselves immensely. I have been attached to the Bengal Lancers as interpreter, and am having a very good time. I am provided with a horse, and we ride about the portion of the city which has been put under British control to stop the looting by the Chinese. The first day I went out we caught about a hundred people clearing out a pawnshop. One old fellow was stabbed, but the men only used the butt end of their lances. For the first four days after the relief there were any numbers of corpses about, but a great many have been buried, although there are still many lying in the streets. The body of the German Minister was discovered yesterday in a Chinese coffin. It was buried this morning. The field telegraph now runs up to the gates of the Legation, so that we shall get news up pretty quickly now. It was grand to hear the guns of the Relief Column. At 2 a.m. heavy guns and a Maxim opened fire outside the city, and we knew we had only a few more hours to hold out. The Russians refused to march unless the British marched last, and when they got to Tungchau said it was impossible to go on the next day as they were dead beat and must take a day's rest. They set off at 2 o'clock the next morning, however, intending to steal a march on us and get here first, but, by a magnificent effort, General Gazelee brought

his men into our lines at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, hours before the Russians, and this on a day when the heat was so intense that even many of the Indian troops were compelled to fall out. It was a fine sight to see our men entering the Legation, the Indians leaping with excitement, and the Chinese around us, who were absolutely unaware of their arrival, poured a hail of bullets into our barricades when they heard the cheering. One woman was shot, but no one minded much, we were relieved and everyone yelled. There were lots of men we all knew who came up with the column, and we were all glad enough to meet again. The Chinese in the city are paralysed with terror, many burning their houses over their heads and hanging themselves and their families from the roof beams. We have not yet entered the Palace itself, but its fate is being decided now. The Empress-Dowager and her myrmidons have bolted, and there seems to be no official with any authority to treat with. The whole question is confusing, and at present it is impossible to suggest the ultimate fate of China. At any rate, our position is safe, and in the meanwhile we are doing our best to restore order and confidence in foreigners."

The General Election

THE elections are, at the time of going to press, not quite over, but the results up to date seem to show that Unionists will go back to power with an increased majority. It is too early to give the exact figures. The Unionists have drawn their support from London and the large towns, as will be seen in the following table. The Home Counties, again, are practically unanimously Unionist, too, are the county seats around Birmingham and in Lancashire, but we must wait for the completed returns before any summary can be made of the results of the counties. The following tables show the verdict of London and of the provincial boroughs:—

Metropolitan Boroughs

Of the 61 seats that constitute the metropolitan boroughs, 11 are included in West Ham, which, though not in the County of London, is practically metropolitan, and exclude the University, the result of which has been that the Unionists have secured 53 seats and the Liberals 8. Five seats have changed parties since the 1895 election. One of these, Stepney, which was Conservative in 1895, was captured by the Liberals at a by-election, and has now been retaken by the Conservatives. The party gains and losses are distributed thus:—

Unionist Gains		Liberal Gains	
Bethnal Green, S.W.		Camberwell	
Hoxton		Haggerston	
Stepney			

That is to say, that the Unionists have gained a seat since the Dissolution, and are exactly as they were at the General Election in 1895. Besides the two seats won, the Liberals hold Islington West, Haggerston, Whitechapel, Poplar, Southwark West, Camberwell North, and Battersea. It is interesting to note the representation of the metropolitan boroughs at previous Elections.

	1885	1886	1892	1895	At Dissolution 1900
Unionists	36	50	36	53	53
Liberals	25	11	25	8	9

English Provincial Boroughs

The results of the elections in the English provincial boroughs, which are now completed, give an overwhelming preponderance of seats to the Unionists. If we omit West Ham, the two seats for which have already been dealt with, we find the 165 seats distributed thus:—Unionists 126, Liberals 39. At the dissolution the seats were distributed as follows:—Unionists 121, Liberals 44. For the sake of convenience, Liverpool (Scotland Division), which returns a Nationalist, is included in the Liberal figures. The following seats have changed since the dissolution:—

UNIONIST GAINS, 15		
Plymouth	Sheffield (Brightside)	Monmouth
Oldham	Sunderland	Newcastle-under-Lyme
Leicester	Burnley	Portsmouth (2)
Middlesbrough	Hanley	Southampton
Stockton-on-Tees	Leeds, East	

LIBERAL GAINS, 10		
Hartlepool	Hastings	Derby (2)
Gloucester	Northampton	Walsall
Grantham	Wolverhampton	Maldstone

Net Unionist gain of 5.

At previous elections the seats were distributed as follows:—

	1886	1892	1895	At Dissolution 1900
Unionist	115	94	122	126
Liberal	50	71	43	39

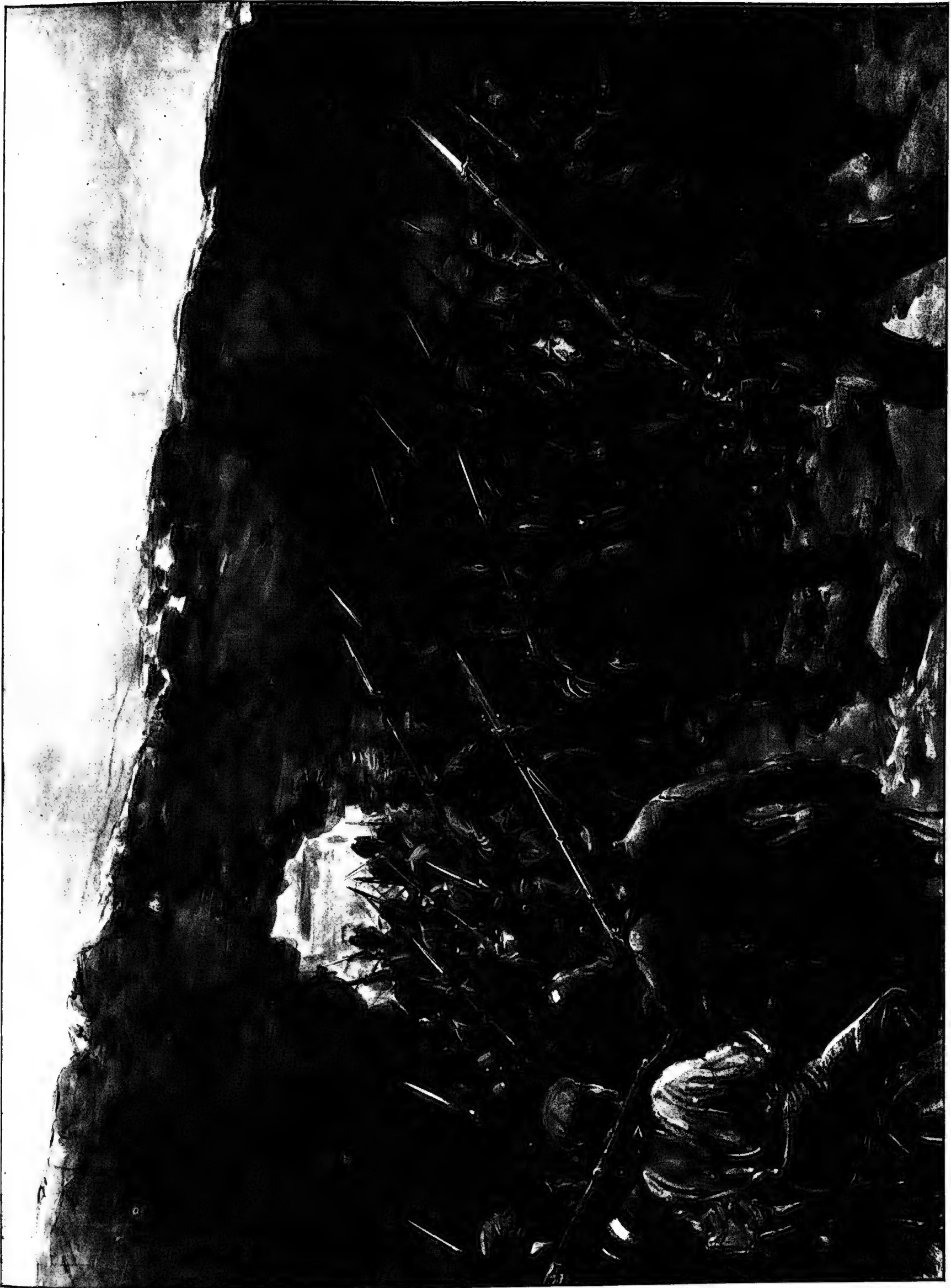
A glance at the returns will show that the great provincial towns have returned a great preponderance of Unionists. Thus Liverpool with nine seats, returns eight Unionists, the remaining seat being left to Mr. T. P. O'Connor; Manchester returns six Unionists, one Liberal; Birmingham sends seven Unionists; Salford, an Liberal stronghold, three Unionists; Sheffield, four Unionists, one Liberal; Bristol, three Unionists and one Liberal; Hull, three Unionists and one Liberal; Wolverhampton, one Unionist and two Liberals; Nottingham, two Unionists and one Liberal; Bradford, three Unionists; and Leeds, three Unionists and two Liberals. This is, to sum up, that in these eleven towns, which return members, the Unionists hold 42 and the Liberals ten.

The Universities

None of the five University seats in England have been contested being regarded by the Liberals as hopeless. In 1885 Sir J. Lubbock represented London University as a Liberal, while Oxford and Cambridge sent two Conservatives each. Then came the great Home Rule schism and Sir John Lubbock was returned as a Unionist in 1886, since when no Liberal has sat for any English University. The two Scotch Universities have also been left uncontested by the Liberals this election, so, too, have the two seats for Dublin.

Ireland

The returns of the boroughs in Ireland are complete, and of the sixteen seats the Unionists hold six to the Nationalists' ten. This is a gain to the Unionists of one seat, for the figures in 1895 were Unionists five and Nationalists eleven. The Unionists have won Galway City and Londonderry, but lost the College Green Division of Dublin.



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

A sortie was made by British Marines, Russian sailors and Volunteers at dawn one day to capture a gun which had been fired into the British Legation from a distance of 300 yards, and found the gun had been moved, it had the effect of silencing and frightening the enemy. The sortie was commanded by Captain Wray, R.M.L.I., and dashed through a breach made in the wall of the British Legation

THE SIEGE OF THE BRITISH LEGATION AT PEKING: A SORTIE

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN F. G. POOLE



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT H. W. OSBURN, R.N.

A Correspondent on H.M.S. *Empress of India* writes:—"We were on our way to join the Fleet from Malta, when, on the night of September 18, we saw rockets being fired from a ship in distress ahead, just as we were entering the Doro Channel; it was blowing hard at the time, with heavy seas. On coming up to the ship, we turned on our searchlight, and sent a boat to her, and found she was the *Haydieh*, an English steamer, with about ninety persons on board. She had broken her screw shaft early that evening, and had attempted to make sail and clear the land. We immediately lowered the lifeboat and sent her to the steamer and offered to take the crew off to us, or else give them a tow rope. She asked us to tow her, but she was drifting in so fast that we found it impossible to get close enough to her, without risking our own ship, and by the time our lifeboat had returned she was driven broadside on to the heavy seas, struck the rocks, and almost immediately sank. Fortunately, she had lowered two boat-loads of women and children, and they reached the shore safely. As all her lights were extinguished when she struck, we saw nothing more of her though

we stood by all night; but at daylight we saw her two masts sticking up out of the water, and lowered two boats and sent them in with rocket apparatus. There were two men on one mast. One of the men jumped from the mast and reached the boat, but as we could not get near enough for the other one, Lieutenant Louny jumped overboard with a rope and swam to the mast and reached it safely, but it carried away so that they were left on the mast for some hours before they could be rescued. All this time there had been three more men clinging to a rock over which the waves were breaking, but after holding on for fourteen hours two of them were washed away, but the third luckily reached the shore. The rocket party we sent round reported that eighteen bodies had already been washed up with the wreckage and that several more were floating about, but that the Greek Military Authorities were going to bury them and look after the survivors."

THE "HANDY MAN" TO THE RESCUE: A WRECK ON ANDROS ISLAND



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. HICKLING

A Correspondent writes: "A somewhat unique assemblage was to be seen lately at Princeton, British Columbia, the new mining town on the Similkameen River, near the far-famed "Copper Mountain," on the occasion of the race meeting. Of the thousand people assembled the greater portion were mounted, including some 400 Indians. These latter formed the chief feature of the day. There were special races for them, and the riding of the squaws in the Klutchmen's races was a sight not to be seen every day. The Siwash lady, when on racing bent, entrusts her papoose to the elder women of the tribe,

fastens the brightest coloured handkerchief in her possession round her head, and the smartest blouse on her body, ties her skirt lightly round her knee, and is ready to ride to victory or death. They all sit astride, and many ride without saddles. The Siwash element was also represented in the Band from (not of) Hope; their playing, in spite of the fact that they had just marched sixty miles over the Hope mountain trail, was very creditable. The course, which is quite flat and straight, is beautifully situated amidst tall pine trees."

A RACE MEETING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: THE SQUAWS' RACE



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

A BRIDGE OVER THE KILIP RIVER BROKEN DOWN BY A 47 GUN

THE TROUBLES OF TRANSPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA: WORK FOR THE ENGINEERS

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY NEWMAN AND GIERDIN

The War in South Africa

A Retrospect

It was just a year on Thursday last, the 11th inst., since the Boers declared war against the British Empire in conformity with their ultimatum of two days previously, insisting on the withdrawal of our forces from the frontiers of the Transvaal within forty-eight hours, failing which they would proceed to hostilities. It is just a twelvemonth since the war began, and its object may now be said to have been practically attained. The two South African Republics have been incorporated with the world-wide dominions of the Queen, and the Boer armies as fighting units no longer exist. The burghers took the field against us with an estimated strength of about 50,000 men, and of these nearly a third are now in our keeping. "The number of prisoners captured and surrendered," said Lord Roberts in a recent despatch, "is daily increasing and must now amount to nearly 16,000." It is difficult to estimate the number who have been killed and wounded in the course of the war, but the figures, at a moderate computation, cannot fall very far short of 4,000, apart from those who have otherwise succumbed to the vicissitudes of the campaign. On the other hand our own casualties of all kinds have considerably exceeded 40,000 officers and men, thus reaching a figure very nearly equivalent to the entire strength of the original Boer armies, though it must be borne in mind that by far the larger portion of

battleship with sealed orders, has "left Bloemfontein for a destination unknown." On the whole, the end of it all seems to be fast approaching, and though Lord Roberts himself cannot yet say when he will be back in England, it is not improbable that he will be able to greet our new Parliament with the proclamation of the Queen's peace throughout all South Africa. C. L.

Corporal J. Shaul has been awarded the V.C. for gallantry during the battle of Magersfontein. Corporal Shaul, who belongs to the Highland Light Infantry, was observed (not only by the officers of his own battalion, but by several officers of other regiments) to perform several specific acts of bravery. He was in charge of stretcher-bearers, but at one period of the battle he was seen encouraging men to advance across the open. He was most conspicuous during the day in dressing men's wounds, and in one case he came, under a heavy fire, to a man who was lying wounded in the back, and, with the utmost coolness and deliberation, sat down beside the wounded man and proceeded to dress his wounds. Having done this, he got up and went quietly to another part of the field. This act of gallantry was performed under a continuous and heavy fire as coolly and quietly as if there had been no enemy near. Our portrait is by S. L. Cassar, Malta.

Sergeant H. Engleheart, 10th Hussars, won the Victoria Cross for the following deed:—"At dawn on the 13th of March, 1900,

Theatrical Notes

THE new American play, entitled *A Parlour Match*, which Messrs. Farrington and Canby have commenced their management of TERRY'S Theatre, is not so much a play as a series of musical entertainments. There is a sort of plot connected with the search for a treasure supposed to have been buried in Long Island by the famous pirate, Captain Kidd; but this is obviously only designed to afford an excuse for the introduction of these "varieties." Like the charms the piece is "not for all markets;" but plays of this class are much in vogue in America, and this particular example some years enjoyed a great popularity on the other side of the Atlantic. It may be that it is destined to repeat this success on stage, though the management, in a rare access of modesty and diffidence, describe it in the programme, not altogether incorrectly, as "Two hours and a half of nothing in particular."

The stupendous series of representations of German plays projected by Herr Schoenfeld, as the representative of the Dramatische Gessellschaft, made a commencement last week at St. George's Hall, with Goethe's beautiful classical play, *Iphigenia*, in which the poet himself played the part of Orest in 1770.



THE LATE SECOND LIEUT. H. W. CUMING
Killed at Kruger's Post



SERGEANT H. ENGLEHEART
Who has been awarded the V.C.



CORPORAL J. SHAUL
Who has been awarded the V.C.



CORPORAL F. KIRBY
Who has been awarded the V.C.



THE LATE LIEUT. P. J. V. DREW
Died from wounds received at Potchefstroom

those casualties was contributed by the crowds of our combatants who had to be invalided home. Disease has proved much more fatal to our men than the shells and bullets of the Boers.

In spite of the formidable nature of the Boer positions and the so-called deadliness of their fire, the positive number of our casualties from death on the battlefield, or in hospital from wounds, has proved comparatively small for a campaign of such duration—a campaign which has lasted five months longer than the Franco-German War; and the only wonder, all things considered, is that the subjugation of the Boer Republics should have been accomplished so quickly. It was the immense spaces of Boerland—its mountains, plains, rivers, and kopjes—which proved far more difficult than its rifle-armed defenders for us to overcome, reminding one of the comforting answer returned by the King of Spain, when Admiral Medina Sidonia, with bent head, came and announced to him the annihilation of his mighty Armada. "God rules above us; I sent you to contend with man, and not with rocks and storms." Similarly it was with the rocks and rivers of Boerland that our soldiers had more to contend than with their human foes, and they have at last proved victorious over all their obstacles and enemies. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of some of their commanders in respect of trained intelligence and military skill, our men, home-born and Colonial, have marched and endured as they have never done before, and they will enjoy the honour of having inaugurated a new era in the history of the British Army, of which by far the greater portion formed the Army of South Africa.

Receivers in Bankruptcy

That Army is now beginning to return home after all its successful toils, and our streets will soon be resonant with acclaiming shouts of welcome, first for the C.I.V.'s, and soon thereafter for a representative contingent of Colonials, and for the Guards. Even Sir Redvers Buller is going back to Maritzburg, which he can well afford to do after his last clearing-up march to Pilgrim's Rest and Kruger's Post, whence he returned to Lydenburg with a haul of 600 cattle, 4,000 sheep, and 150 waggonsloads of Boer supplies, apart from 184,000 rounds of small arms ammunition which he destroyed—a haul which, on a smaller scale, has also elsewhere fallen to the lot of Hart, Clements, and other of our generals whose role as active combatants would now seem to have been mostly exchanged for that of receivers in Boer bankruptcy. Isolated raidings and derailings, accompanied by slight reverses to our arms, as at De Jaeger's Drift, continue to be reported, but Edwards, says Lord Roberts, "confirms the statement received from many sources that the Boers are now broken up into scattered parties without much fight in them," and in order to accelerate the submission of the Delareys, the De Wets, the Schalk Burgers and the Steyns still encouraging and commanding those sporadic "stalwarts," our Commander-in-Chief has issued a proclamation declaring that not a single Boer captive will be allowed to return from St. Helena or Ceylon until every Boer gun has been handed over or accounted for. That the Boers, as a whole, are now heartily sick of the war and prepared to bow to accomplished facts may be inferred from the fact that there have already been several cases of burgher farmers bringing in armed Boers as prisoners to our camps. The seat of the greatest trouble continues to be our Orange River Colony, where Wepener, Rouxville, and Ficksburg are said to be again "in the hands of Boer parties"—a fact which may have some connection with the other statement that the Highland Brigade, like a

the party that had destroyed the railway north of Bloemfontein had to charge through a Boer picket and get over four deep spruets, in order to make their way back through the Boer lines. At the fourth spruit Sapper Webb's horse failed to get up the bank, and he was left in a very dangerous position. In face of a very heavy rifle and shell fire, and notwithstanding the great chance of being cut off, Sergeant Engleheart returned to Sapper Webb's assistance. It took some time to get the man and his horse out of the spruit, and the position became more and more critical owing to the advance of the Boers. He was, however, at last successful, and, retiring slowly, to cover Webb's retreat, was able to get him safely back to the party. Shortly before this Sergeant Engleheart had shown great gallantry in dashing into the first spruit, which could only be reached in single file, and was still full of Boers hesitating whether to fly or fire. Had they been given time to rally, they must have destroyed the small party of British, as they outnumbered them by four to one." Our portrait is by Sinclair and Son, Canterbury.

Corporal Frank Howard Kirby, R.E., has a distinguished record in South Africa. He began by being mentioned in despatches for gallantry. He improved upon this on a later occasion by winning the medal for distinguished conduct in the field, and then, for a third act of conspicuous bravery, crowned his record by winning the Victoria Cross. The last two achievements were announced by the *Gazette* within a week of each other, and Corporal Kirby is said to be the only man in the Queen's service who is entitled to wear both medals. The *Gazette* gives the following account of the way in which he won the Victoria Cross:—"On the morning of June 2, 1900, a party sent to try to cut the Delagoa Bay Railway were retiring, hotly pressed by very superior numbers. During one of the successful retirements of the rearguard, a man, whose horse had been shot, was seen running after his comrades. He was a long way behind the rest of his troop and was under a brisk fire. From among the retiring troop Corporal Kirby turned and rode back to the man's assistance. Although by the time he reached him they were under a heavy fire at close range, Corporal Kirby managed to get the dismounted man up behind him and to take him clear off over the next rise held by our rearguard. This is the third occasion on which Corporal Kirby has displayed gallantry in the face of the enemy."

Lieutenant Percy James Vaughan Drew, of the Kimberley Mounted Corps, who died from wounds received at Potchefstroom, was twenty-six years of age. He served in the Rhodesia Wars of 1893 and 1896, and received the medal and clasp. He also took part in subduing the Phokwani Rebellion. In the present war he took part in the defence of Kimberley, and was one of those selected to go to the relief of Mafeking, but was disabled by a kick from a trooper's horse. On his recovery he rejoined his column, and was mortally wounded in action at Potchefstroom, and died from his wounds six days afterwards. Our portrait is by J. E. Middlebrook, Kimberley, copied by Norman and May, Cheltenham.

Second Lieutenant H. W. Cuming, who was killed at Kruger's Post on the 1st inst., belonged to the 1st Devonshire Regiment. He only entered the service in January last. Our portrait is by J. P. Clarke, Cambridge.

this drama was produced at the COURT Theatre in Weimar. Frau Maria Pospischil, of the HAMBURG Theatre, who joined the company for the occasion "*als Gast*," as her countrymen say, gave a very tender and touching rendering of the part of the heroine. Since then the company has appeared on successive evenings in Ibsen's *Nora* and other modern pieces, and it is announced that their season will extend to April next. Meanwhile, the long announced rival enterprise under the direction of Herr Schulz-Curtius has already commenced operations at the GLOBE Theatre, with the performance, given on Friday in the current week, of Fack's *Jugendfreunde*, preceded by the *Prologue to Goethe's Faust*. The German performances here, which will be given under the title "Deutsches Theater in London," will extend over a similarly long period, but will apparently not involve quite such frequent changes of bill.

The fate of the new play, *Colonel Cromwell*, at the GLOBE Theatre tends to confirm the managerial belief that the period of the Civil War and the Commonwealth is not in favour with musical playgoers. Produced on September 11, Messrs Paterson and Cartwright's historical drama is already withdrawn. It will succeed on November 10 by the new musical piece by George Grossmith, junior, and Mr. Claude Nugent, in which George Grossmith, senior, as well as his son will take part.

Patrons of the ADELPHI will rejoice to hear that the external structural changes which are now in progress at that theatre include greatly improved exits and approaches. The steep ascent from the level of the Strand pavement, and the cramped correspondingly steep descent thence into the stalls, have too long been allowed to imperil the lives of visitors.

Another attempt is to be made to resuscitate the IMPERIAL Theatre, which adjoins the western end of the Westminster Aquarium. The enterprising manageress who has undertaken the task is Mrs. Langtry. Comedy is to be the staple of the entertainments. The theatre, which, save one brief interval, has been closed for many years, is to be redecorated and partly reconstructed preparatory to reopening early in the New Year.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's return to town is still postponed; this powerful actress is looking forward to an early reappearance at the ROYALTY, where she will produce a new comedy-drama by Frank Harris, entitled *Mr. and Mrs. Davenport*.

The clever little piece by Colonel Newnham Davis, entitled *A Charitable Bequest*, which was played at the Ottawa benefit DRURY LANE last July, will precede Captain Marshall's new play, entitled *A Noble Lord*, in the programme of the CRITERION Thursday next.

Mr. H. V. Esmond has supplied Mr. Charles Frohman with new comedy, in three acts, entitled *The Wilderness*. Its story turns upon the sorrows of a husband who discovers that the wife he adores has married him only for his wealth. Mr Esmond's piece will probably first see the light in New York.

Two New Plays

BY W. MOY THOMAS

"FOR AULD LANG SYNE"

THE production of a melodrama at the theatre that is associated with the artistic triumphs of Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry appears to have come as a serious shock to the feelings of some worthy persons, but their remonstrances have already been met by the obvious comment that Sir Henry Irving has himself been guilty—if any guilt is involved in the charge—of bringing out at the LYCEUM not a few pieces of this class. Among them it is enough to cite the instances of *The Lyons Mail*, *Robert Macaire*, *The Iron Chest* and *The Dead Heart*. It is, however, unnecessary in these days to apologise for melodrama, which has now established its claim to be regarded as a permissible if not a very lofty exercise of the playwright's craft. But there are, of course, bad melodramas and good, and though it would be a harsh judgment to apply the former term to Messrs. Seymour Hicks and F. G. Latham's play, it must be confessed that *For Auld Lang Syne* is disfigured by some grave and obvious defects. Its opening scenes, in which typical incidents of the desultory warfare in South Africa are presented with a marvellous air of reality, give promise of a stirring and interesting play; but, unfortunately, the interest dwindles as the story unfolds, and the *dénouement* is eminently unskillful. It was doubtless due to these faults that expressions of discontent were heard amidst the applause of more indulgent spectators on Saturday evening. Compression, however—and little more seems needed—ought not to be difficult, and *For Auld Lang Syne* may yet count as one of the successes of the season. The story, which opens in the little British encampment in the neighbourhood of Camberley, is mainly concerned with the loves of Lord Fellsdale, an erratic but goodhearted Colonel, and Dawn Ingram, a beautiful Red Cross Society Nurse, but with these is associated the villainy of a certain Captain Carey and a disreputable Outlander known as Haylett Bird. Carey falls into the hands of a Boer Field-Cornet, who orders him to be shot in cold blood and only relents upon his undertaking to assist Bird in a scheme for winning a reward of 5,000*l.* by assassinating Lord Estcourt, the Governor of Camberley. This precious project is actually carried into effect. The infamous Carey introduces the assassin into the beleaguered city, and amidst the confusion caused by the bursting of a shell in the vestibule of the hotel, which has been converted into a hospital, the Governor is shot dead. It is at this moment that Carey's exclamation, "Poor Dicky Nepean!" reveals to Bird that the man who has fallen by his hand is his own brother. In the third and fourth acts we find these personages back in England. The incorrigible Carey, having discovered from a will that his friend, Lord Estcourt, has entrusted to his treacherous hands that Dawn is his lordship's niece, to whom he has bequeathed a fortune, he endeavours to supplant Fellsdale in her affections, and, not content with causing the ruin of Mary Gale, the sister of John Gale, an English settler in South Africa, seeks to lay his crime upon the shoulders of his rival. Meanwhile Haylett Bird, who is Dawn's long-missing father, has returned to England broken down with sorrow and remorse. All this, together with the efforts of Dawn to wean her lover from his unhappy propensity to drinking and wasting his substance, is, unfortunately, tediously elaborated. Even Mr. Mollison, though he is a really fine actor when opportunities offer, could hardly interest us in the assassin's craving to reveal himself to the daughter he had so long abandoned. Nor could the incidental deaths of Mary Gale, though the part is played with ample pathos by Miss Irene Rooke, greatly move us. The acting generally is excellent. Miss Lily Claburn's grace and feeling won for Dawn Ingram, the adopted daughter of the village innkeeper, the best sympathy, and Mr. Leonard Boyne brought with a true artistic sense the varying moods of wayward Fellsdale. Miss Fanny Brough and Thornbury, on the other hand, could achieve little with the rather puerile humours of a couple of comic lovers, and Mr. J. H. Barnes's admirable impersonation of the sturdy, kind-natured John Gale, but a sketch, though that, it is true, is no fault of the play. It is almost superfluous to add that that experienced personator of melodramatic villains, Mr. Abingdon, brought to the dark shades in the character of Captain Carey with a sure stage effect.

"MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE"

like's famous exclamation, "The age of chivalry is passed!" it will have furnished the title for Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's useful, but rather painful play at WYNDHAM'S Theatre. In this remarkable piece, which the author prefers to call *Mrs. Dane's* society, in a little village, is depicted as almost entirely tied with prying into the past life of a lady who has had the fortune to take up her abode in this censorious neighbourhood. Dane is young, beautiful, and of modest and pleasing manners, the men are interested in her, though not enough, it appears, to defend her from wanton insult. It is, indeed, mainly from the jealousy of the women that Mrs. Dane suffers, though the offensive investigations into her private life and character are carried on with the connivance, or, at least, with the acquiescence of the male members of the little community, even in the lady's presence. Lionel Carteret, the adopted son of Sir Daniel,

otherwise Mr. Justice Carteret, though he has fallen over head and ears in love with the object of all this agitation, permits these unchivalrous proceedings to pass, and as Sir Daniel has promised to give his consent to the union only on the condition that Mrs. Dane shall be able to prove her innocence, he too is drawn into the vortex of scandal-mongering. And what is the evidence of guilt? Simply that somebody has discovered that Mrs. Dane bears some resemblance to the portrait of a governess named Felicia Hindmarsh who five years before had been the cause of a great scandal in Vienna. Felicia had had an intrigue with a married man, which being discovered had resulted in the suicide of the wife and the removal of her faithless husband to a madhouse. Stronger evidence, it is true, is found when a detective, who has been despatched by the censors to Vienna to make inquiries, returns with documents; but Mrs. Dane succeeds in coaxing and bribing this experienced person into silence—a circumstance that indicates more adroitness and resource than would be expected in a lady so outwardly simple and ingenuous. The audience, as will be perceived, are now in the secret; but the final humiliation of Mrs. Dane is brought about in a different way. The judge has invited her to an interview with him in his study with the intention of obtaining from her particulars of her life to be used in a pending action for slander. But the judge's questionings begin to partake more and more of the nature of a forensic cross-examination. This is the great scene of the play, which, it is not too much to say, held the spectators on Tuesday evening in breathless attention for at least half an hour. In vain does his victim protest against the mental



The youngest officer in the siege of Kimberley was Master Leslie Frederick Barrieff Shotter. Though only five years old, he raised a squad of eight mites, aged between four and eight years, in defence of the town, and during the shelling often marched his men up to the military camps. He knew his infantry drill thoroughly. The uniform in which he is shown is that of a captain of the 42nd Royal Highlanders (Black Watch), and it was designed with the assistance of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Scott-Turner, 42nd Royal Highlanders.

APTAIN" LESLIE FREDERICK BARRIFF SHOTTER

torture to which she is subjected ; in vain does she resort to subterfuges. The pitiless judge, for whom she is no match, presses her closer and closer, involving her in self-contradictions and palpable falsehood till Sir Daniel exclaims, "Woman, you are lying ! You are Felices, Hindmarsh !" and the poor, hunted creature drops to the ground overwhelmed with grief and shame. For many a day audience have not been privileged to witness finer acting than that of Mr. Charles Wyndham and Miss Lena Ashwell through all the successive phases of this intensely dramatic scene. Unfortunately, the fourth and last act sinks considerably below this high tide of passion. The conspiracy between the judge and his friend, Lady Eastney, to extort from one of the scandal-mongers an abject apology in writing for statements which are now known to be true belongs rather to the domain of farce. It seems to have been intended to contrast the different treatment accorded by Society to the sins of men and women, to which end the arch denouncer of immoral conduct, Sir Daniel, is also provided with what it is the fashion to call "a past ;" but the satirical element is rather weak ; and Mrs. Dane's parting sarcasm to the effect that the first rule of propriety is that one "must not be found out," certainly does not dignify the unhappy lady's final exit. Miss Mary Moore is provided with a delightful sketch in Lady Eastney, whose gentle flirtations with Sir Daniel end in her accepting his offer of marriage.

The Court

ALTHOUGH the season in the Highlands is drawing to its close, Balmoral will be full of Royal visitors until the Queen leaves for the South next month. The Royal circle is constantly changing, and several foreign relatives are shortly expected. The widowed Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg is coming on a short visit with her youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, and possibly the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, as the Duchess Marie has rarely been without one or other of her married daughters since Duke Alfred's death. The Grand Duke and Duchess Serge of Russia are also expected. Meanwhile, the Prince of Wales has been at Balmoral again from Saturday to Monday before leaving for the South, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have left, taking their daughters with them, and Princess Aribert of Anhalt has gone back to Germany. Princess Christian and her elder daughter will, however, remain with the Queen for the present, especially as Princess Beatrice is going to Edinburgh for a day or two at the end of the month to open the new pavilion of the Infirmary.

Although his stay in Scotland was so short the Prince of Wales had plenty of good sport. After a few days at Mar Lodge he joined Lord Glenesk and Sir Allen Mackenzie at Glenmuick, where capital bags were made. The ground was heavy and sodden from recent rains, and the number of eagles hovering round made the game shy, but the Prince and his companions, who included the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, were highly successful on both the Glenmuick and the Brackley moors. Now the Prince is trying his luck further south on a favourite shooting ground, Six Mile Bottom, Newmarket, where he so often shoots with the Duke of Cambridge. The game at Sandringham is to be left in peace until November, when the first big house party will assemble for the Prince's birthday. Although he may pay one or two flying visits to Norfolk, he will not settle down there until the Princess's return on the 27th inst. The Princess and her two daughters will be leaving Denmark in a few days, as they are going to visit their aunt, the widowed Duchess of Anhalt-Bernburg, at Ballenstedt in the Hartz Mountains. The Duchess is the eldest sister of King Christian of Denmark, and is eighty-nine years of age. Possibly also the Princesses may go to Scotland to stay with the Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Fife before arriving at Sandringham.

The Duke and Duchess of York have gone down to Norfolk to join their children at Sandringham Cottage. The Duke has several more country-house visits in prospect, and the Duchess goes with him at the end of the month to stay with Lord and Lady Llangatock, at the Hendrie, near Monmouth. They will have an elaborate welcome in the town, as Monmouth is preparing great doings for their visit.

Mr. Hall Caine's New Story

AN interesting article on Mr. Hall Caine and his work appears in the current number of *The Golden Penny*, with especial reference to his new story, "Jan the Icelandic," which is to begin in *The Golden Penny* next week. "Curiously enough," says the writer of the article, "two of my most vivid recollections of Hall Caine are in connection with 'Jan the Icelandic.' The first incident occurred at his Manx home, Greeba Castle, on a Sunday evening. The day of rest is the day on which Hall Caine seeks recreation in the society of his friends. Unless it is a matter of urgency he cuts his characters for twenty-four hours. There was gathered together on the occasion a very interesting group of men and women. Mr. Creston Clarke, the son of J. S. Clarke, and the nephew of one of the finest tragedians the world has ever seen, Edwin Booth, and his charming wife, also an actress, and Henry Hanby Hay, a Manxman, but now domiciled in the United States as principal of the Girard College, Philadelphia, U.S., with a few others.

"As the old romancers have it, it was eventide, the large dining-room at Greeba, furnished as it is entirely in old oak, looked like some mediaeval hall in the days when 'poets, pipers, plays and such caterpillars of the community' in eyes of King and courtier were taboo. But *nous avons changé tout cela*, it was the man of letters who was king, and we his subjects were content to smoke and chat on Shakespeare and the musical glasses until he was ready to fulfil his promise of reciting to us his dramatic story of 'Jan the Icelandier.'

"The scene as Hall Caine commenced was picturesque. The sun was setting over the hills in a blaze of golden glory, and as the story proceeded the gloaming grew and grew until the faces of his audience were lost in the shadows. Hall Caine's voice, soft and low in ordinary conversation, is yet of marvellous compass. How it swelled and rang through the room in the dramatic passages and sank into the audible whisper of the practised actor in the pathetic episodes. 'Jan the Icelander' is a human document which tells of sin and sorrow, of shame in the wake of sin, and crime the companion of sin and shame and sorrow. No one moved—it was an ideal audience for a phenomenal art effort. To us as we sat the story of 'Larry Clough' was not the invention of a clever fictionist, but a page torn out of the Book of Humanity. And when the author-actor finished and the maids brought in the lamps it was apparent that kerchiefs had been used for other than their ordinary purpose."

Sir William Butler

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER has been appointed to the Aldershot command, which is, for a hard-working and earnest officer, the blue riband of the Service. Lady Audrey Buller has left Government House, Aldershot, to make room for the occupation of Sir William and Lady Butler. As now arranged, Sir William will return next year to Devonport to resume the command of the Western District, when it is expected Sir Redvers Buller will take up the Aldershot Division again.

Sir William Butler in the meantime had been hard at work training the troops under his command. At his first parade of the infantry, six brigades were engaged in the operations, the object of which was to effect the passage of the Basingstoke Canal by its various bridges preparatory to an attack on an enemy on Yateley Common. Our illustration shows the General and his Staff returning to quarters after the day's work. The two opposing forces, Red, under Major-General Verner, and Blue, under Major-General Brook, opposed each other across the canal, one of the bridges over which was supposed to have been blown up, leaving two to be fought for.



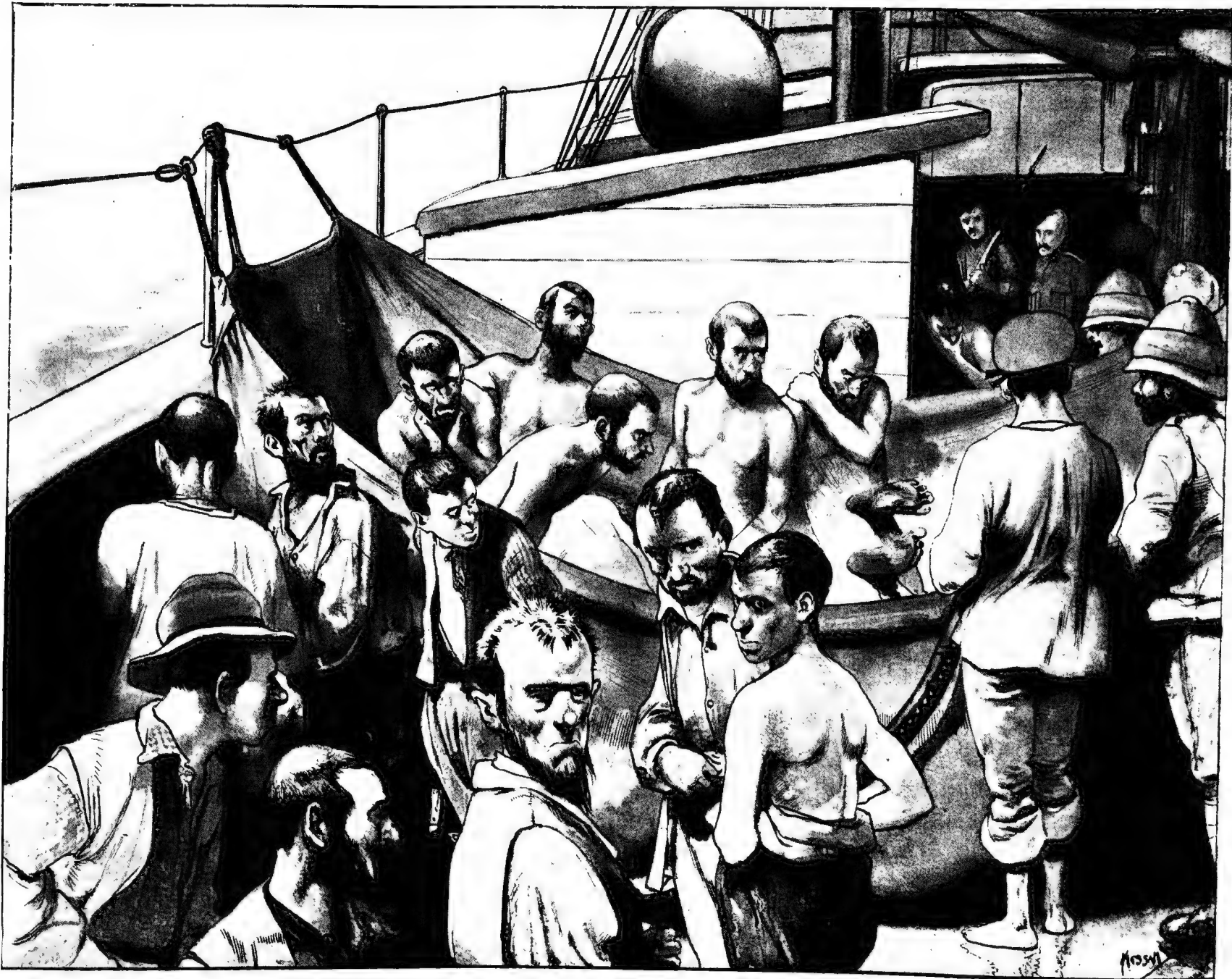
SIR WILLIAM BUTLER AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT ALDERSHOT

From a Photograph by Charles Knight, Aldershot

The Blue force seized these bridges at an early hour in the day and the Red force was thrown back. Heavy artillery covered the movements of both parties, but the range was so great that the effectiveness of its fire could not be taken into account. It was observed that the Red artillery, at 3,000 yards, were firing at an

enemy which was only fifty yards distant from the advanced troops of its own fighting line, a situation nearly as bad as that at San Sebastian, when a large number of British troops fell under the fire of their own guns.

Sir William Francis Butler has had a brilliant career. He is the son of the late Mr. Richard Butler, of Suirville, Tipperary, and was born in 1838. He joined the 69th Regiment in 1858. He served against the Fenians in Canada in 1870, with the Red River Expedition, and in the Ashanti War in 1873, in command of the Akim native forces, when he was several times mentioned in despatches. In the Zulu War, 1878-79, he was staff officer at the port of disembarkation. He also served in the Egyptian War, 1882, and in the Sudan Expeditions, 1884, 1885 and 1889-90. He was D.A.Q.M.G. at the Horse Guards from 1876 to 1879, and this experience, combined with that of active service, has made him an admirable commander. General Butler is the author of "The Great Lone Land," "Akimfoo," and "Far Out Rovings Retold." He married in 1877 Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the clever artist, whose "Roll Call" and other stirring military pictures are well known.



DRAWN BY J. HASSALL

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

A Correspondent on board the ss. *Mongolian* says that the Boer prisoners were made to have a bath every day, and that some of the lower class Boers protested vehemently against such a, to them, unusual performance

THE CRUELLEST HARDSHIP OF ALL: BOER PRISONERS ON BOARD SHIP

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LYSBETH

A TALE OF THE DUTCH

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD, R.I.

CHAPTER IX.—(continued)

HE service was over, and below in the emptied market place the executioners collected the poor calcined fragments of the martyrs to cast them with contumely and filthy jests into the darkling waters of the river. Now one by one and two by two, the worshippers slipped away through some hidden door opening on an alley. Let us look at three of their number as they crept through by-streets back to a house on the Bree Straat with which we are acquainted, two of them walking in front and one behind.

The pair were Dirk van Goorland and his son Foy—there was no mistaking their relationship. Save that he



had grown somewhat portly and thoughtful, Dirk was the Dirk of five-and-twenty years ago, thick-set, grey-eyed, bearded, a handsome man according to the Dutch standard, whose massive, kindly countenance betrayed the massive, kindly mind within. Very like him was his son Foy, only his eyes were blue instead of grey, and his hair was yellow. Though they seemed sad enough just now, these were merry and pleasant eyes, and the round, somewhat childlike face was merry also, the face of a person who looked upon the bright side of things.

There was nothing remarkable or distinguished about Foy's appearance, but from it the observer, who met him for the first time, received the impression of energy, honesty, and good-nature. In truth, such were apt to set him down as a sailor man, who had just returned from a long journey, in the course of which he had come to the conclusion that this world was a pleasant place, and one well worth exploring. As Foy walked down the street with his quick and nautical gait, it was evident that even the solemn and dreadful scene which he had just experienced had not altogether quenched his cheery and hopeful spirit. Yet of all those who listened to the exhortation of the saint-like Arentz, none had laid its burden of faith and carelessness for the future to heart more entirely than Foy van Goorl.

But of this power of looking on the bright side of things the credit must be given to his nature and not to his piety, for Foy could not be sad for long. *Dum spiro, spero* would have been his motto had he known Latin, and he did not mean to grow sorrowful—over the prospect of being burnt, for instance—until he found himself fast to the stake. It was this quality of good spirits in a depressing and melancholy age that made of Foy so extraordinarily popular a character.

Behind these two followed a much more remarkable-looking personage, the Frisian, Martin Roos, or Red Martin, so named from his hair, which was red to the verge of flame colour, and his beard of a like hue that hung almost to his breast. There was no other such beard in Leyden; indeed the boys, taking advantage of his good-nature, would call to him as he passed, asking him if it was true that the storks nested in it every spring. This strange-looking man, who was now perhaps a person of forty years of age, for ten years or more had been the faithful servant of Dirk van Goorl, whose house he had entered under circumstances which shall be told of in their place.

Anyone glancing at Martin casually would have said that he was a giant, and yet his height was considerable; to be accurate, when stood upright, something over six foot three inches. The reason why he did not appear to be so tall was that in truth his great bulk shortened him to the eye, and also because he carried himself ill, more from a desire to conceal his size than for any other reason. It was in girth and limb that Martin was really remarkable, so much so that a short-armed man standing before him could not make his fingers reach behind his back. His face was fair and almost as flat as a full moon, and his nose he had little. Nature, indeed, had blessed him with one of ordinary, if not excessive size, but certain incidents in Martin's early career, which in our day would be designated as that of a prize-fighter, had caused to spread about his countenance in an interesting and curious fashion. His eyebrows, however, remained prominent. Beneath them appeared a pair of very large, round and rather mild blue eyes, covered with thick white

lids absolutely devoid of lashes, which eyes had a most unholy trick of occasionally taking fire when their owner was irritated. Then they could burn and blaze like lamps tied to a barge on a dark night, with an effect that was all the more alarming because the rest of his countenance remained absolutely impassive.

Suddenly while this little company went homewards a sound arose in the quiet street as of people running. Instantly all three of them pressed themselves into the doorway of a house and crouched down. Martin lifted his ear and listened.

"Three people," he whispered; "a woman who flies and two men who follow."

At that moment a casement was thrown open forty paces or so away, and a hand, bearing a torch, thrust out of it. By its light they saw the pale face of a lady speeding towards them, and after her two Spanish soldiers.

"The Vrouw Andreas Jansen," whispered Martin again, "who flies from two of the guard who burnt her husband."

The torch was withdrawn and the casement shut with a snap. In those days quiet burghers could not afford to be mixed up in street troubles, especially if soldiers had to do with them. Once more the place was empty and quiet, except for the sound of running feet.

Opposite to the doorway the lady was overtaken. "Oh! let me go," she sobbed, "oh! let me go. Is it not enough that you have killed my husband? Why must I be hunted from my house thus?"

"Because you are so pretty, my dear," answered one of the brutes, "also you are rich. Catch hold of her, friend. Lord! how she kicks."

Foy made a motion as though to start out of the doorway, but Martin pressed him back with the flat of his hand, without apparent effort, and yet so strongly that the young man could not move.

"My business, masters," he muttered; "you would make a noise," and they heard his breath come thick.

Now, moving with curious stealthiness for one of so great a bulk, Martin was out of the porch. By the summer starlight the watchers could see that, before they had caught sight of, or even heard him, he had gripped the two soldiers, small men, like most Spaniards, by the napes of their necks, one in either hand, and was grinding their faces together. This, indeed, was evident, for his great shoulders worked visibly and their breastplates clicked as they touched. But the men themselves made no sound at all. Then Martin seemed to catch them round the middle, and behold! in



"Martin seemed to catch them round the middle, and behold! in another second the pair of them had gone headlong into the canal which ran down the middle of the street."

another second the pair of them had gone headlong into the canal, which ran down the middle of the street.

"My God! he has killed them," muttered Dirk.

"And a good job, too, father," said Foy, "only I wish that I had a share in it."

Martin's great form loomed in the doorway. "The Vrouw Jansen has fled away," he said, "and the street is quite quiet now, so I think that we had better be moving before any see us, my masters."

Some days later the bodies of these Spanish soldiers were found with their faces smashed flat. It was suggested in explanation of this plight, that they had got drunk and while fighting together had fallen from the bridge on to the stonework of a pier. This version of their end found a ready acceptance, as it consoled well with the reputations of the men. So there was no search or inquiry.

"I had to finish the dogs," Martin explained apologetically—"may the Lord Jesus forgive me—because I was afraid that they might know me again by my beard."

"Alas! alas!" groaned Dirk, "what times are these? Say nothing of this dreadful matter to your mother, son, or to Adrian either." But Foy nudged Martin in the ribs and muttered, "Well done, old fellow, well done."

After this experience, which the reader must remember was nothing extraordinary in those dark and dreadful days when neither the lives of men nor the safety of women—especially Protestant men and women—were things of much account, the three of them reached home without further incident, and quite unobserved. Arriving at the house, they entered it near the Watergate by a back door that led into the stable yard. It was opened by a woman whom they followed into a little room where a light burned. Here she turned and kissed two of them, Dirk first and then Foy.

"Thank God that I see you safe," she said. "Whenever you go to the meeting-place I tremble until I hear your footsteps at the door."

"What's the use of that, mother?" said Foy. "Your fretting yourself won't make things better or worse."

"Ah! dear, how can I help it," she replied softly; "we cannot all be young and cheerful, you know."

"True, wife, true," broke in Dirk, "though I wish we could; we should be lighter-hearted so," and he looked at her and sighed.

Lysbeth van Goorl could no longer boast the beauty which was hers when first we met her, but she was still a sweet and graceful woman, her figure remaining almost as slim as it had been in girlhood. The grey eyes also retained their depth and fire, only the face was worn, though more by care and the burden of memories than with years. The lot of the loving wife and mother was hard indeed when Philip the King ruled in Spain and Alva was his prophet in the Netherlands.

"Is it done?" she asked.

"Yes, wife, our brethren are now saints in Paradise, therefore rejoice."

"It is very wrong," she answered with a sob, "but I cannot. Oh!" she added with a sudden blaze of indignation, "if He is just and good, why does God suffer his servants to be killed thus?"

"Perhaps our grandchildren will be able to answer that question," replied Dirk.

"That poor Vrouw Jansen," broke in Lysbeth, "just married, and so young and pretty. I wonder what will become of her?"

Dirk and Foy looked at each other, and Martin, who was hovering about near the door, slunk back guiltily into the passage as though he had attempted to injure the Vrouw Jansen.

"To-morrow we will look to it, wife. And now let us eat, for we are faint with hunger."

Ten minutes later they were seated at their meal. The reader may remember the room; it was that wherein Montalvo, ex-count and captain, made the speech which charmed all hearers on the night when he had lost the race at the ice-carnival. The same chandelier hung above them, some portion of the same plate, even, repurchased by Dirk, was on the table, but how different were the company and the feast! Aunt Clara, the fatuous, was long dead, and with her many of the companions of that occasion, some naturally, some by the hand of the executioner, while others had fled the land. Pieter van de Werff still lived, however, and though regarded with suspicion by the authorities, was a man of weight and honour in the town, but to-night he was not present there. The food, too, if ample, was plain, not on account of the poverty of the household, for Dirk had prospered in his worldly affairs, being hard-working and skilful, and the head of the brass foundry to which in those early days he was apprenticed, but because in such times people thought little of the refinements of eating. When life itself is so doubtful, its pleasures and amusements become of small importance. The ample waiting service of the maid Greta, who long ago had vanished none knew where, and her fellow domestics were now carried on by the man Martin and one old woman, since, as every menial might be a spy, even the richest employed few of them. In short all the lighter and more cheerful parts of life were in abeyance.

"Where is Adrian?" asked Dirk.

"I do not know," answered Lysbeth. "I thought that perhaps—"

"No," replied her husband hastily; "he did not accompany us; he rarely does."

"Brother Adrian likes to look underneath the spoon before he licks it," said Foy with his mouth full.

The remark was enigmatic, but his parents seemed to understand what Foy meant; at least it was followed by an uncomfortable and acquiescent silence. Just then Adrian came in, and as we have not seen him since, some four-and-twenty years ago, he made his entry into the world on the secret island in the Haarlemer Mere, here it may be as well to describe his appearance.

He was a handsome young man, but of quite a different stamp to his half-brother, Foy, being tall, slight, and very graceful in figure; advantages which he had inherited from his mother Lysbeth. In countenance, however, he differed from her so much that none would have guessed him to be her son. Indeed, Adrian's face was pure Spanish, there was nothing of a Netherlander about his dark beauty. Spanish were the eyes of velvet black, set rather close together, Spanish also the finely chiselled features and the thin, spreading nostrils, Spanish the cold, yet somewhat sensual mouth, more apt to sneer than smile; the straight, black hair, the clear, olive skin, and that indifferent, half-wearied mien which became its wearer well enough, but in a man of his years of Northern blood would have seemed unnatural or affected.

He took his seat without speaking, nor did the others speak to him till his stepfather Dirk said:

"You were not at the works to-day, Adrian, although we should have been glad of your help in founding the culverin."

"No, father"—he called him father—answered the young man in a measured and rather melodious voice. "You see we don't quite know who is going to pay for that piece. Or at any rate I don't quite know, as nobody seems to take me into confidence, and if it should chance to be the losing side, well, it might be enough to hang me."

Dirk flushed up, but made no answer, only Foy remarked:

"That's right, Adrian, look after your own skin."

"Just now I find it more interesting," went on Adrian loftily and disregarding of his brother, "to study those whom the cannon may shoot than to make the cannon which is to shoot them."

"Hope you won't be one of them," interrupted Foy again.

"Where have you been this evening, son?" said Lysbeth hastily, fearing a quarrel.

"I have been mixing with the people, mother, at the scene on the market-place yonder."

"Not the martyrdom of our good friend, Jansen, surely?"

"Yes, mother—why not? It is terrible, it is a crime, no doubt, but the observer of life should study these things. There is nothing more fascinating to the philosopher than the play of human passions. The emotions of the brutal crowd, the stolid indifference of the guard, the grief of the sympathisers, the stoical endurance of the victims animated by religious exaltation—"

"And the beautiful logic of the philosopher, with his nose in the air, while he watches his friend and brother in the Faith being slowly burnt to death," broke out Foy with passion.

"Hush! hush!" said Dirk, striking his fist upon the table with a blow that caused the glasses to ring. "This is no subject for word-chopping. Adrian, you would have been better with us than down below at that butchery, even though you were less safe," he added, with meaning. "But I wish to run none into danger, and you are of an age to judge for yourself. I beg you, however, to spare us your light talk about scenes that we think dreadful, however interesting you may have found them."

Adrian shrugged his shoulders and called to Martin to bring him some more meat. As the great man approached him he spread out his fine-drawn nostrils and sniffed.

"You smell, Martin," he said, "and no wonder. Look, there is blood upon your jerkin. Have you been killing pigs and forgotten to change it?"

Martin's round blue eyes flashed, then went pale and dead again.

"Yes, master," he answered, in his thick voice, "I have been killing pigs. But your dress also smells of blood and fire; perhaps you went too near the stake."

At that moment, to put an end to the conversation, Dirk rose and said grace. Then he went out of the room accompanied by his wife and Foy, leaving Adrian to finish his meal alone, which he did reflectively and at leisure.

When he left the eating-chamber Foy followed Martin across the courtyard to the walled-in stables, and up a ladder to the room where the serving-man slept. It was a queer place, and filled with an extraordinary collection of odds and ends; the skins of birds, otters and wolves; weapons of different makes, notably a very large two-handed sword, plain and old-fashioned, but of excellent steel; bits of harness and other things.

There was no bed in this room for the reason that Martin disdained a bed, a few skins upon the floor being all that he needed to lie on. Nor did he ask for much covering since so hardy was he by nature, that except in the very bitterest weather his woollen vest was enough for him. Indeed, he had been known to sleep out in it when the frost was so sharp that he rose with his hair and beard covered with icicles.

Martin shut the door and lit three lanterns, which he hung to hooks upon the wall.

"Are you ready for a turn, master?" he asked.

Foy nodded as he answered, "I want to get the taste of it all out of my mouth, so don't spare me. Lay on till I get angry, it will make me forget," and taking a leathern jerkin off a peg he pulled it over his head.

"Forget what, master?"

"Oh! the prayings and the burnings and Vrouw Jansen, and Adrian's sea-lawyer sort of talk."

"Ah, yes, that's the worst of them all for us," and the big man leant forward and whispered. "Keep an eye on him, Master Foy."

"What do you mean?" asked Foy sharply and flushing.

"What I say."

"You forget; you are talking of my brother, my own mother's son. I will hear no harm of Adrian; his ways are different to ours, but he is good-hearted at bottom. Do you understand me, Martin?"

"But not your father's son, master. It's the sire sets the strain; I have bred horses, and I know."

Foy looked at him and hesitated.

"No," said Martin, answering the question in his eyes, "I have nothing against him, but he always sees the other side, and that's bad. Also he is Spanish—"

"And you don't like Spaniards," broke in Foy. "Martin, you are a pig-headed, prejudiced, unjust jackass."

Martin smiled. "No, master, I don't like Spaniards, nor will you before you have done with them. But then it is only fair as they don't like me."

"I say, Martin," said Foy, following a new line of thought, "how did you manage that business so quietly, and why didn't you let me do my share?"

"Because you'd have made a noise, master, and we didn't want the watch on us; also, being fully armed, they might have bettered you."

"Good reasons, Martin. How did you do it? I couldn't see much."

"It is a trick I learned up there in Friesland. Some of the Northmen sailors taught it me. There is a place in a man's neck, here at the back, and if he is squeezed there he loses his senses in a second. Thus, master—"

and putting out his great hand he gripped Foy's neck in a fashion that caused him the intensest agony.

"Drop it," said Foy, kicking at his shins.

"I didn't squeeze; I was only showing you," answered Martin, opening his eyes. "Well, when their wits were gone, of course it was easy to knock their heads together, so that they mightn't find

them again. "You see," he added, "if I had left them alive, well, they are dead anyway, and getting a hot supper by 10 o'clock. Which shall it be, master? Dutch stick or Spanish point?"

"Stick first, then point," answered Foy.

"Good. We need 'em both nowadays," and Martin reached down a pair of ash plants fitted into old sword hilts to protect hands of the players.

They stood up to each other on guard, and then against the light of the lanterns it could be seen how huge a man was Martin. Although well-built and sturdy, and, like all his race, of a habit, looked like a child beside the bulk of this great fellow, for their stick game, which was in fact sword exercise, it is necessary to follow its d tails, for the end of it was what almost have been expected. Foy sprang to and fro slashing cutting, while Martin the solid scarcely moved his weapon. Suddenly there would be a parry and a reach, and the stick would fall with a thud all down the length of Foy's back, causing dust to start from his leathern jerkin.

"It's no good," said Foy at last rubbing himself ruefully.

"What's the use of guarding against you, you great brute, when you simply crash through my guard and hit me all the time? That isn't science."

"No, master," answered Martin, "but it is business. I had been using swords you would have been in pieces long ago. No blame to you and no credit to me; my reach is longer and my arm heavier, that is all."

"At any rate I am beaten," said Foy; "now take the rapier and give me a chance."

Then they went at it with the thrusting-swords, rendered less by a disc of lead upon their points, and at this game the advantage turned. Foy was active as a cat with the eye of a hawk, and he managed to get in under Martin's guard.

"You're dead, old fellow," he said at the second thrust.

"Yes, young master, answered Martin, "but remember, I killed you long ago, so that you are only a ghost and of no account. Although I have tried to learn its use to please you, I don't mean to fight with a boasting fork. This is my weapon." Seizing the great sword which stood in the corner, he made it fly through the air.

Foy took it from his hand and looked at it. It was a long straight blade with a plain iron guard, or cage, for the hands. On it, in old letters, was engraved one Latin word, "*Silencium*," "Silence."

"Why is it called 'Silence,' Martin?"

"Because it makes people silent, I suppose, master."

"What is its history, and how did you come by it?" asked Foy in a malicious voice. He knew that the subject was a sore one with the huge Frisian.

Martin turned red as his own beard and looked uncomfortably. "I believe," he answered, staring upwards, "that it was the anti-Sword of Justice of a little place up in Friesland. As to how I came by it, well, I forget."

"And you call yourself a good Christian," said Foy reproachfully. "Now I have heard that your head was going to be chopped off with this sword, but that somehow you managed to steal it first and got away."

"There was something of the sort," mumbled Martin, "but it is so long ago that it slips my mind. I was so often in broils and drunk in those days—may the dear Lord forgive me—that I can quite remember things. And now, by your leave, I want to go to sleep."

"You old liar," said Foy, shaking his head at him. "You killed that poor executioner and made off with his sword. You know you did, and now you are ashamed to own the truth."

"May be, may be," answered Martin vacuously; "so many things happen in the world that a fool man cannot remember them all. I want to go to sleep."

"Martin," said Foy, sitting down upon a stool and dragging his leather jerkin, "what used you to do before you turned holy? You have never told me the whole story. Come now, speak up, I won't tell Adrian."

"Nothing worth mentioning, Master Foy."

"Out with it, Martin."

"Well, if you wish to know, I am the son of a Friesland boor."

"—And an Englishwoman from Yarmouth: I know of that."

"Yes," repeated Martin, "an Englishwoman from Yarmouth. She was very strong, my mother; she could hold up a cart on her shoulder while my father greased the wheels, that is for a boy otherwise she used to make my father hold the cart up while he greased the wheels. Folk would come to see her do the trick. When I grew up I held the cart and they both greased the wheels. But at last they died of the plague, the pair of them, God rest their souls! So I inherited the farm—"

"And—"

said Foy, fixing him with his eye.

"And," jerked out Martin in an unwilling fashion, "fell into bad habits."

"Drink?" suggested the merciless Foy.

Martin sighed and hung his great head. He had a tender conscience.

"Then you took to prize-fighting," went on his tormentor; "you can't deny it; look at your nose."

"I did, master, for the Lord hadn't touched my heart in those days, and," he added, brisling up, "it wasn't such a bad trade. I nobody ever beat me except a Brussels man once when I was drunk. He broke my nose, but afterwards, when I was sober—and he stopped."

"You killed the Spanish boxer here in Leyden," said Foy sternly.

"Yes," echoed Martin, "I killed him sure enough, but oh! it was a pretty fight, and he brought it on himself. He was a fine man, that Spaniard, but the devil wouldn't play fair, so I just had to kill him. I hope that they bear in mind up above that I had to kill him."

"Tell me about it, Martin, for I was at The Hague at the time and can't remember. Of course I don't approve of such things—and the young rascal clasped his hands and looked pious. "but as it is all done with, one may as well hear the story of the fight. To spin it won't make you more wicked than you are."

Then suddenly Martin the unreminiscent developed a marvellous

memory, and with much wealth of detail set out the exact circumstances of that historic encounter.

"And after he had kicked me in the stomach," he ended, "which, master, you will know he had no right to do, I lost my temper and hit out with all my strength, having first fainted and knocked up his guard with my left arm—"

"And then," said Foy, growing excited, for Martin really told the story very well, "what happened?"

"Oh, his head went back between his shoulders, and when they picked him up, his neck was broken. I was sorry, but I couldn't help it, the Lord knows I couldn't help it; he shouldn't have called me 'a dirty Frisian ox' and kicked me in the stomach."

"No, that was very wrong of him. But they arrested you, didn't they, Martin?"

"Yes, for the second time they condemned me to death as a brawler and a manslayer. You see, the other Friesland business came up against me, and the magistrates here had money on the Spaniard. Then your dear father saved me. He was burgomaster of that year, and he paid the death fine for me—a large sum—afterwards, too, he taught me to be sober and think of my soul. So you know why Red Martin will serve him and his while there is a drop of blood left in his worthless carcass. And now, Master Foy, I'm going to sleep, and God grant that those dirty Spanish dogs mayn't haunt me."

"Don't you fear for that, Martin," said Foy as he took his departure, "*absolve te* for those Spaniards. God smote them through your strength who were not ashamed to rob and insult a poor new-widowed woman after helping to murder her husband. Yes, Martin, you may enter that on the right side of the ledger—for a change—for they won't haunt you at night. I'm more afraid lest the business should be traced home to us, but I don't think it likely, since the street was quite empty."

"Quite empty," echoed Martin, nodding his head. "Nobody saw me except the two soldiers and Vrouw Jansen. They can't tell, and I'm sure that she won't. Good-night, my young master."

CHAPTER X.

ADRIAN GOES OUT HAWKING

In a house down a back street not very far from the Leyden prison, a man and a woman sat at breakfast on the morning following the burning of the Heer Jansen and his fellow-martyr. These also we have met before, for they were none other than the estimable Black Meg and her companion, named the Butcher. Time, which had left them both strong and active, had not, it must be admitted, improved their personal appearance. Black Meg, indeed, was much as she had always been, except that her hair was now grey and her features, which seemed to be covered with yellow parchment, had become sharp and haglike, though her dark eyes still burned with their ancient fire. The man, Hague Simon, or the Butcher, scoundrel by nature and spy and thief by trade, one of the evil spawn of an age of violence and cruelty, boasted a face and form that became his reputation well. His countenance was villainous, very fat and flabby, with small, pig-like eyes, and framed, as it were, in a fringe of sandy-coloured whiskers, running from the throat to the temple, where they faded away into a great expanse of utterly bald head. The figure beneath was heavy, pot-paunched, and supported upon a pair of bowed but sturdy legs.

But if they were no longer young, and such good looks as they ever possessed had vanished, the years had brought them certain compensations. Indeed it was an age in which spies and all such wretches flourished, since, besides other pickings, by special enactment a good proportion of the realised estates of heretics was paid over to the informers as blood-money. Of course, however, humble tools like the Butcher and his wife did not get the largest joints of the heretic sheep, for whenever one was slaughtered, there were always many honest middlemen of various degree to be satisfied, from the judge down to the executioner, with others who never showed their faces.

Still, when the burnings and torturings were brisk, the amount totalled up very handsomely. Thus, as the pair sat at their meal this morning, they were engaged in figuring out what they might expect to receive from the estate of the late Heer Jansen, or at least Black Meg was so employed with the help of a deal board and a bit of chalk. At last she announced the result, which was satisfactory. Simon held up his fat hands in admiration.

"Clever little dove," he said. "You ought to have been a lawyer's wife with your head for figures. Ah! it grows near, it grows near."

"What grows near, you fool?" asked Meg in her deep mannish voice.

"That farm with an inn attached of which I dream, standing in rich pasture land with a little wood behind it, and in the wood a church. Not too large; no, I am not ambitious; let us say a hundred acres, enough to keep thirty or forty cows, which you would milk while I marketed the butter and the cheeses—"

"And slit the throats of the guests," interpolated Meg.

Simon looked shocked. "No, wife, you misjudge me. It is a rough world, and we must take queer cuts to fortune, but once I get there, respectability for me and a seat in the village church, provided, of course, that it is orthodox. I know that you come of the people, and your instincts are of the people, but I can never forget that my grandfather was a gentleman," and Simon puffed himself out and looked at the ceiling.

"Indeed," sneered Meg, "and what was your grandmother, or, for the matter of that, how do you know who was your grandfather? Country house! The old Red Mill, where you hide goods out there in the swamp, is likely to be your only country house. Village church? Village gallows more likely. No, don't you look nasty at me, for I won't stand it, you dirty little liar. I have done things, I know; but I wouldn't have got my own aunt burned for an Anabaptist, which she wasn't, in order to earn twenty florins—so there."

Simon turned purple with rage; that aunt story was one which touched him on the raw. "Ugly——" he began.

Instantly Meg's hand shot out and grasped the neck of a bottle, whereon he changed his tune.

"The sex, the sex," he murmured, turning aside to mop his bald head with a napkin. "Well, it's only their pretty way, they will have their little joke. Hullo, there is someone knocking at the door."

"And mind how you open it," said Meg, becoming alert. "Remember we have plenty of enemies, and a pike blade comes through a small crack."

"Can one live with the wise and remain a greenhorn? Trust me." And placing his arm about his spouse's waist, Simon stood on tiptoe and kissed her gently on the cheek in token of reconciliation, for Meg had a nasty memory in quarrels. Then he skipped away towards the door as fast as his bandy legs would carry him.

The colloquy there was long and for the most part carried on through the keyhole, but in the end their visitor was admitted, a beetle-browed brute of much the same stamp as his host.

"You are nice ones," he said sulkily, "to be so suspicious about an old friend, especially when he comes on a job."

"Don't be angry, dear Hans," interrupted Simon in a pleading voice. "You know how many bad characters are abroad in these rough times; why, for aught we could tell, you might have been one of these desperate Lutherans, who stick at nothing. But about the business?"

"Lutherans, indeed," snarled Hans; "well, if they are wise they'd stick at your fat stomach; but it is a Lutheran job that I have come from The Hague to talk about."

"Ah!" said Meg. "Who sent you?"

"A Spaniard named Ramiro, who has recently turned up there,

a humorous dog connected with the Inquisition, who seems to know everybody and whom nobody knows. However, his money is right enough, and no doubt he has authority behind him. He says that you are old friends of his."

"Ramiro? Ramiro," repeated Meg reflectively, "that means Oarsman doesn't it, and sounds like an alias. Well, I've lots of acquaintances in the galleys, and he may be one of them. What does he want, and what are the terms?"

Hans leant forward and whispered for a long while, while the other two listened in silence, only nodding from time to time.

"It doesn't seem much for the job," said Simon when Hans had finished.

"Well, friend, it is easy and safe; a fat merchant and his wife and a young girl. Mind you, there is no killing to be done if we can help it, and if we can't help it the Holy Office will shield us. Also it is only the letter which he thinks that the young woman may carry that the noble Ramiro wants. Doubtless it has to do with the sacred affairs of the Church. Any valuables about them we may keep as a perquisite over and above the pay."

Simon hesitated, but Meg announced with decision,

"It is good enough; these merchant women generally have jewels hidden in their stays."

"My dear," interrupted Simon.

"Don't 'my dear' me," said Meg fiercely. "I have made up my mind, so there's an end. We meet by the Boshhuysen at five o'clock at the big oak in the copse, where we will settle the details."

After this Simon said no more, for he had this virtue, so useful in domestic life—he knew when to yield.

(To be continued)



Emerald green velveteen, trimmed with cross-way bands stitched with white silk. Three of these bands are arranged to form an apron on the front of the skirt and are carried round straight to the back. The bolero has a large turn-down collar and is trimmed with black velvet and paste buckles; the black velvet also being repeated as a necktie, with oxidised silver ornaments at the ends. The sleeves are stitched lengthwise to the elbows, where the velveteen forms a puff. Vest of *eau-de-Nil* Liberty satin and cream lace. Green felt hat, simply ornamented by a big knot of velvet and large paste buckle.



DRAWN BY W. HATHERRELL, R.L., AND FRANK CRAIG

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN F. G. DOOLEY

All the buildings near the Legation bear witness to the severity of the fire of the Chinese. In the houses adjoining the Legation, several tiers of loopholes had been pierced, and through these a

continuous fire was poured during the siege. Three thousand shells were fired by the Chinese. Fortunately, most of them were fired too high and the aim was wild. The meeting of the

Chinese with the relieving troops gave rise to a scene of wild enthusiasm, men and women cheering and shaking hands with officers, soldiers, and camp followers—with anyone, in fact,

who came along. The first to arrive of the relieving column were Major Scott and four men of the 1st Sikhs

THE SIEGE OF THE PEKING LEGATION: THE ARRIVAL OF THE HEAD OF THE RELIEF COLUMN



WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH
(Father of the First Earl)
From the Painting in the Bodleian Library

The House of Cecil

THE history of great English families, whether their progenitors came over with William the Norman or rose to eminence in Plantagenet or Tudor days, is to a great extent the history of England. It is of some of the scions of the family identified with the Elizabethan mansion of Hatfield—the great family of the Cecils—that an account is given in the following brief biographies which accompany their portraits. There are few places in England that have a more interesting history than the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury. The manor long belonged to the Abbey of Ely, and Morton, Bishop of Ely, built a palace there about 1480, of which the gateway and the banqueting hall remain. In 1538 it became the property of Henry VIII., and there his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, lived in retirement until, at Mary's death, a messenger came to her, as she sat beneath an oak in the park, and, falling on his knees, hailed her Queen of England. It was James I., Elizabeth's successor, who exchanged Hatfield with Sir Robert Cecil for Theobald's, also in Hertfordshire, and from 1607 Hatfield has belonged to the direct line of the Cecils,



SIR ROBERT CECIL, FIRST EARL OF SALISBURY
From the Painting by Mark Gansard in the Duke of Bedford's Collection

Earls, and then Marquises, of Salisbury. Sir Robert, afterwards first Earl, built the present house at a cost of 7,600*l.*, which represents about ten times that amount in our present money. The house, besides being itself a splendid specimen of late Tudor architecture, is full of priceless relics of art and antiquity, chief among them being, perhaps, the "rainbow portrait" of the great Queen who once had her home at Hatfield. Here, also, among many other historical portraits, are those of the owners of the house, the descendants of the great statesman whose life was almost as much as that of the Queen herself part and parcel of the history of England.

THE FOUNDER OF THE FAMILY

WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH, founder of the illustrious family of which Lord Salisbury is now the head, was born in 1520; created Lord Burleigh in 1571; married Mary, sister of Sir John Cheke in 1541; and, secondly, Mildred, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke. This famous statesman was the only son of Richard Cecil, of Burleigh, in the parish of Stamford, Baron St. Martin, Northamptonshire, by Jane, daughter and heiress of William Heckington, of Bourn, Lincolnshire. The rise of the family began under the first Tudor King, Henry VII., when Richard Cecil's father David was "Yeoman of the Chamber" to the King. In 1520 Richard was present, as a Royal page, at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and he rose to high honour under Henry VIII. William Cecil was educated at the grammar schools of Stamford and Grantham, and at St. John's, Cambridge. While at the University he fell in love with, and married, in 1541, Mary Cheke, and by her had a son Thomas, afterwards Earl of Exeter. Mary died in 1544. William Cecil married again in 1545, his wife being Mildred, eldest daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, of Gidea Hall, Essex. The Protector Somerset became Cecil's patron, and between 1547 and 1550 Cecil gave such promise of extraordinary ability that he was appointed one of the Secretaries of State and sworn on the Privy Council. "From this time till his death," says his biographer, Dr. Jessopp, "he continued to occupy a position in the affairs of the nation such as no other man in Europe below the rank of a Sovereign attained to, his transcendent genius and wonderful capacity for public business making him for forty-eight years an absolutely necessary Minister to the three children of Henry VIII." During Mary's reign he held himself aloof from politics, and when Elizabeth succeeded she at once made him Chief Secretary of State. In 1571 he was made Baron of Burleigh; next year he was a K.G. and Lord High Treasurer. "By him," says Dr. Jessopp, "more than by any other single man during the last thirty years of his life was the history of England shaped." Cecil was of middle height and spare figure. In youth he was upright, lithe and active, with a brown beard, which became very white in his old age; brilliant eyes and a nose somewhat large for his face. There are numerous portraits of him. That here reproduced is from the painting in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. One of the earliest of Lord Burleigh's biographers sums up his long life in a few concise phrases which give an almost complete picture of the man and his work. "Lord Burleigh," he says, "was the youngest, the oldest, the gravest and greatest counsellor of Christendom. For there was before his death never a counsellor left alive in Europe that was a counsellor when he was first made one. He was made one at twenty-five years of age, and so continued four years in King Edward's time, and was the first that Queen Elizabeth had, and so continued to the fortieth year of her reign. A long, happy time to live in such a place in so great account and reputation! And, in the end, having lived so honourably, virtuously and peaceably, to die so godly is an example of God's wonderful and rare blessing seldom found in men of his estate and employment.

"He was rather meanly statured and well-proportioned than tall, being of the middle size of making, and until age and his infirmity of the gout surprised him, very active and nimble of body, notably enduring travail and labour whereunto he much used his body. He was of visage very well favoured and of an excellent complexion. Insomuch as even in his latter days, when he, well and warm, or had newly dined or supped, he had as good colour in his face as most fair women. He was ever most charitable to the poor, whom he would better relieve in their parishes than in highways or streets. In his business he was most painful, careful, and watchful, never well till it was done. He liked not to hear Kings and Princes evil spoken of, but would sharply rebuke such as used it, for he said 'they were the Lord's anointed, whose faults must be amended by our good prayers and not by evil speech.' He would often say 'he was a good counsellor who would advise his Prince to honest and lawful things.' When he heard that any spoke ill of himself he would say 'To do good and to hear ill for it is a piece of royalty.' The precepts which Lord Burleigh left to his second son Robert, afterwards first Earl of Salisbury, are worthy of Shakespeare's own mind and pen, and in reading them the famous farewell of Polonius to Laertes comes to mind. They are too long to quote in full, but an extract will show their general style. "Bring up thy children," he says, "in learning and obedience yet without outward austerity; praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance according to thy ability, otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death they will thank death for it and not thee. Marry thy daughters in time lest they marry themselves, and suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps, for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism. Neither, by my consent, shalt thou train them up in wars, for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession can hardly be an honest man or a good Christian. Besides, it is a science no longer in request than use, for soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer. . . . Beware of suretyship for thy best friends. He that payeth another man's debts seeketh his own decay. . . . Towards thy superiors be humble yet generous; with thine equals familiar, yet respective; towards thine inferiors show much humanity and some familiarity as to bow the body, stretch forth the hand, and to uncover the head, with such like popular compliments. Yet I advise thee



WILLIAM, SECOND EARL OF SALISBURY
From the Painting by Vandyke at Hatfield

not to neglect popularity too much. Seek not to be Essex; shun to be Raleigh."

THE FIRST EARL OF SALISBURY

ROBERT CECIL, FIRST EARL OF SALISBURY, son of the above and Mildred, his second wife, was born in 1563, knighted in 1591, created Baron Cecil of Essendine in 1603, Viscount Cranbourne in 1604, and Earl of Salisbury in 1605. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham. After his father's death in 1598, Robert, who was a man of great political sagacity, was opposed by the Earl of Essex, the Queen's favourite, but he successfully passed through the troubles occasioned by the outbreak of that turbulent peer, and at the death of Elizabeth he was "prepared at all points for the new order of things." During the course of the trial of Essex, in 1601, says his biographer, Mr. Jessopp, a highly dramatic incident occurred. Essex accused Sir Robert Cecil of having said that the Infanta of Spain was the right heir to the crown of England. Cecil stepped forth and insisted that Essex should produce his authority. Essex replied that Southampton had heard it as well as himself. Cecil then conjured the latter by his duty to God, by his Christianity, and by their ancient friendship, to name the counsellor to whom he was reported to have made this speech. Being told that it was the Comptroller, Cecil fell on his knees, desired that Sir William Knollys



JAMES, THIRD EARL OF SALISBURY
From the Painting by Wissing at Arlington Street



JAMES, FOURTH EARL OF SALISBURY
From the Painting at Hatfield

might be sent for, and sent a message to the Queen vowing to God that if she would not allow Sir William to come he would rather die than ever serve her again. The baseless charge was entirely discredited, but it was a critical moment in Cecil's life. It was only after Essex had suffered for his awkward attempt at an insurrection, and Cecil allowed himself to enter into communication with James I., precisely as his father had done with Elizabeth, and with characteristic caution he began to prepare the way for the King of Scots to succeed

to the throne as Burleigh had done for the Queen. So well, however, was this secret of State kept that it was not till many years ago that the existence of any such correspondence had been suspected, and not till Mr. Bruce published them to the Camden Society that the real contents of those letters were known to the world. There are some curious stories to be

fine jewel that was. The Lady Derby was curious to excuse the showing of it, but the Queen would have it, and opening it and finding it to be Mr. Secretary's, snatched it away and tied it upon her shoe and walked long with it there. Then she took it thence and pinned it on her elbow and wore it some time there also, which Mr. Secretary being told of made these verses and had Hales to sing them in his chamber. Some of the verses argue that he repines not though Her Majesty please to grace others, and contents himself with the favour he hath."

ROBERT CECIL'S LAST ILLNESS

A very curious and precise account of Cecil's last illness and death has come down to us from the pen of Mr. John Bowles, his chaplain, afterwards Dean of Sarum and Bishop of Rochester. It is entitled "A plain and true relation of those things I observed in my lord's sickness since his going to the Bath." On April 28, 1612, Cecil and his suite set out from Kensington for Bath. Cecil was extremely ill at the time, and was evidently dying. On May 3 he arrived at Bath, and there grew gradually worse. Under the date of May 19 Bowles says:—"My lord fell into a great fit and sent for me to come to him. And when I was come 'O come' said he 'and shutt my eyes for I cannot live.' This was the time when his son (afterward second Earl) was upon intelligence of his father's danger come to the Bath and there was a demur of bringing him to my lord because his coming was against his father's express commandment. But then I took an opportunity and told my lord that I hoped his danger was not so neare but if he felt more than observed I demanded if it would not be a comfort unto him to see his son if God in his providence should so dispose. 'O yes' quoth he the greatest comforte in all the world.' I then called his son whose meeting us with those affections that none know but those that feel them. After mutual tears my lord broke forth into these speeches: 'O my son God bless thee. The blessing of Abraham Isaak and Jacob light upon thee! My good son imbrace true religion; live honestly and virtuously loyally to thy prince and faithfully to thy wife. Take heed by all means of blood whether in public or in private quarrel and God will prosper thee in all thy ways.' So they fell again to weeping. . . . On Sunday after sermon we came into his chamber where we found him very weak and no posture could give him ease. We went to prayer. And though my lord's weakness was very much yet with a devout gesture standing upon his crutches he with affection repeated the material parts and passages of the prayer. And all the rest of the time till we went to dinner all his speech was nothing but O Jesus O sweet Jesus and such short ejaculations as the weakness of his body did give him leave. After dinner my lord's head lay upon two pillows upon Master Townsends lap. Ralphe Jackson was mending the swing which supported him. So saith he lift me up but this once. Then he called to Doctor Poe for his hand. Which having he gripped somewhat hard and his eyes began to settle. When he cried O Lord—and so sink down without groan or sigh or struggling. At the same instant I joined in prayer with him 'that God would receive his soul and spirit.' Which short words being suddenly spoken by me he was clean gone and no breath or motion in him." He occupied in the Court of the new King, James I., a position as important as his father had held under Elizabeth. He died in 1612. By his wife, Elizabeth Brooke, he had two children, a daughter Frances, and William, his successor as second Earl of Salisbury.

THE SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH, FIFTH, AND SIXTH EARLS

WILLIAM, SECOND EARL OF SALISBURY, whose portrait by Vandyke hangs in Hatfield House, was born in 1590, created Knight of the Bath in 1604, and Knight of the Garter in 1623. He married, in 1608, Catherine Howard, youngest daughter of Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, and died in 1668. Although he was sworn of the Privy Council and was made Captain of the Band of Pensioners by Charles I., this Earl behaved in a vacillating manner at the outbreak of hostilities, riding with the King to York and then suddenly returning to join the Parliamentarians, for whom he acted as Joint Commissioner at the Oxford and Uxbridge Conferences. He sat in Cromwell's House of Lords from 1645 to 1648. Clarendon gives a scathing character of him. Charles I. was at Hatfield in 1647, and Charles II. in 1660, when he was "highly treated," as the record has it.

JAMES, THIRD EARL OF SALISBURY, was the grandson of the second Earl. He was a page of honour at the coronation of Charles II. He was made K.G. in 1680. He married Margaret, daughter of John Manners, Earl of Rutland. He was a strenuous opponent of the succession of James II. A portrait of him by Wissing hangs in Lord Salisbury's town house in Arlington Street.

JAMES, FOURTH EARL OF SALISBURY, acceded to the title in 1683. He died in 1694. This was the "Catholic Earl." Macaulay, speaking of his conversion to Popery, says, "Salisbury was foolish to a proverb. His figure was so bloated by sensual indulgence as to be almost incapable of moving, and this sluggish body was the abode of an equally sluggish mind. He was represented in popular lampoons as a man made to be duped, as a man who had hitherto been the prey of gamblers, and who might as well be the prey of friars." After the acquittal of the Seven Bishops, in 1688, the streets of London were ablaze with bonfires, round which crowds drank good health to the Bishops and confusion to Papists. Some of the bonfires, says Macaulay, were lighted in front of the doors of Roman Catholic Peers. "Lord Arundel of Wardour quieted the mob with a little money, but at Salisbury House, in the Strand, an attempt at resistance was made. The servants sallied out and fired, but they killed only the unfortunate beadle of the parish, who had come to put out the fire, and they were soon routed and driven back to the house." In the following reign, in 1689, the Earl of Salisbury was impeached as a Papist and sent to the Tower, but the prosecution was abandoned. This Earl of Salisbury married Frances, daughter of Simon Bennett, of Beauchamp, Bucks. His portrait is at Hatfield House.

JAMES, FIFTH EARL, born 1691, acceded 1694, died 1728; married Lady Anne Tufton, second daughter of Thomas, Earl of Thanet. He took little or no part in public affairs. He bore the staff of St. Edward at the Coronation of George I. in 1714. A portrait of him, as a boy, in pseudo-Roman costume, is at Hatfield.

JAMES, SIXTH EARL, born 1713, died 1780. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Keet.

THE FIRST MARQUIS

JAMES, SEVENTH EARL AND FIRST MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, was born in 1748, and was created Marquis in 1789. From 1783 to 1804 he was Lord Chamberlain. He died in 1823. He sat in the House of Commons as Member for Hertford, and was a supporter of Pitt. He married Lady Mary Emily Hill, daughter of the Marquis of Devonshire.

JAMES, SECOND MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, was born 1791, and died 1868. He married Frances Mary Gascoigne, whose portrait, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, hangs at Hatfield. She was mother of the present Marquis, and died in 1839. In 1847 the Marquis married again, his second wife being May Catherine, the



JAMES, THE SEVENTH EARL AND FIRST MARQUIS OF SALISBURY



JAMES, FIFTH EARL OF SALISBURY
From the Painting by Sir G. Kneller at Hatfield

From the life of the first Lord Salisbury. The famous Dr. Donne came to the effect that about the year 1609 there occurred a quarrel between Lords Hertford and Salisbury, and that they sent Hertford a direct challenge by his servant, Mr. Hely. It was agreed that they should meet and fight at St. Albans, and they were actually on their way to the appointed place when they were met and interrupted by messengers from the King. I got to hear of the proposed duel. Another story is found in a letter dated September 18, 1602, from William Browne to the Earl of Shrewsbury. Browne was one of the old Low Country captains who served in Flanders, and was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Flushing by the Queen. Sir Philip Sydney was his particular friend and patron. "I send your Lordship here inclosed some verses compounded by Mr. Secretary (Cecil) who got Hales to frame a ditty unto it. The occasion was, as I hear, that the young lady of Derby (wife of William, Earl of Derby), wearing about her neck a picture which was in a dainty tablet, the Queen espying it asked what



JAMES, THE SIXTH EARL OF SALISBURY



JAMES, THE SECOND MARQUIS OF SALISBURY
(Father of the present Marquis)
From a Photograph by Mayall

daughter of the Fifth Earl De la Warr. The second Marquis was in the two first Derby Cabinets in 1852 as Lord Privy Seal, and in 1858 as Lord President of the Council.

Of the third and present Marquis we have no need to speak here.



FRANCES MARY, WIFE OF THE SECOND MARQUIS OF SALISBURY
(Mother of the present Marquis)
From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., at Hatfield

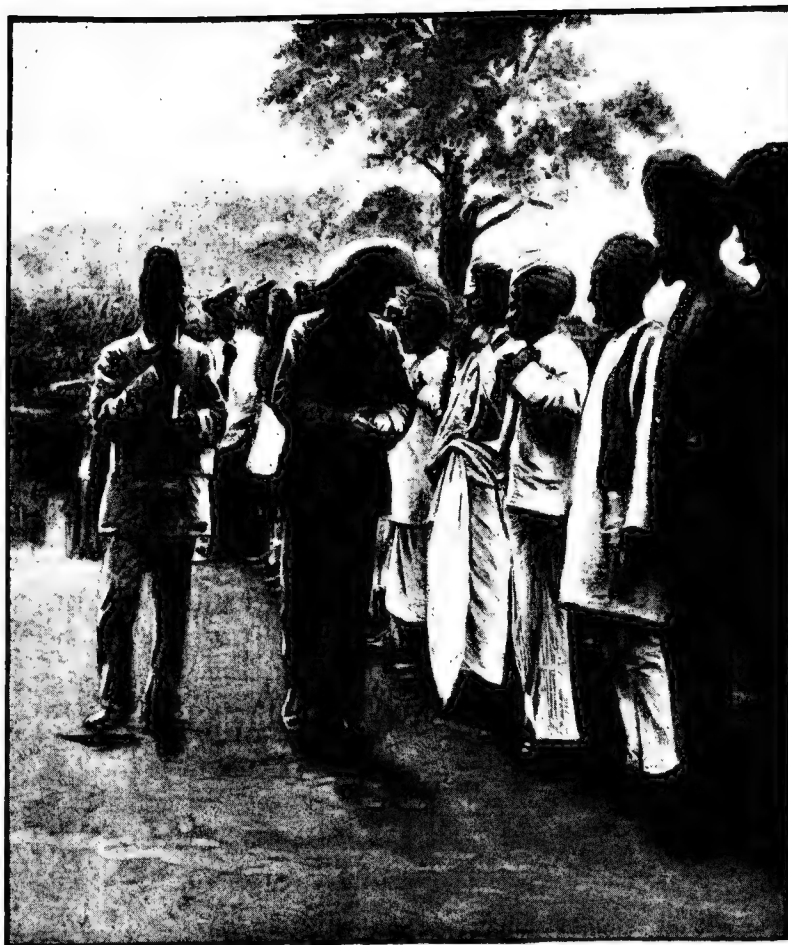
Some Experiences of the Galveston Hurricane

By ONE WHO WENT THROUGH IT

THE following interesting extract from a private letter will give some idea of the terrible sufferings endured by the inhabitants during the hurricane:—

"Galveston, Texas, September 19.

"You have no doubt read general accounts of the storm, so I'll only give you our experience, though thousands had a worse time. At about 12.30 p.m. I started for home. The wind was then blowing hard, but the water had not risen in the streets, and the only effect it had on me was exhilarating. After lunch I changed into some old clothes and waded out to the beach, the water being by that time anywhere from my knees to my waist, and the sea was a magnificent sight. Getting home, though, in the teeth of the wind was hard. Every now and then it would stop me dead, and I'd have to rest. I then realised that it would be impossible to get the folk out of the house and down town even if I wanted to, but, of course, I did not even think there was any danger. Our house stood high above the ground, the living-room being at least nine feet above the ground, and I was not lying when I assured the women that I did not think there was any danger, and confined my attention to trying to keep the house as dry as possible, slates off the roof having commenced to fly, and windows and doors getting b'own in. At about six the water was lapping our feet, so we all went upstairs, taking chairs and mattresses for the children (I had brought a neighbour, his wife and two children in). We went into Tom's room, an attic, as Nina's room was very wet. The children lay on the mattresses, and I smoked and tried to cheer Maude and Nina, lying like a trooper, for by that time I thought the house was bound to go. We lit a lamp as the

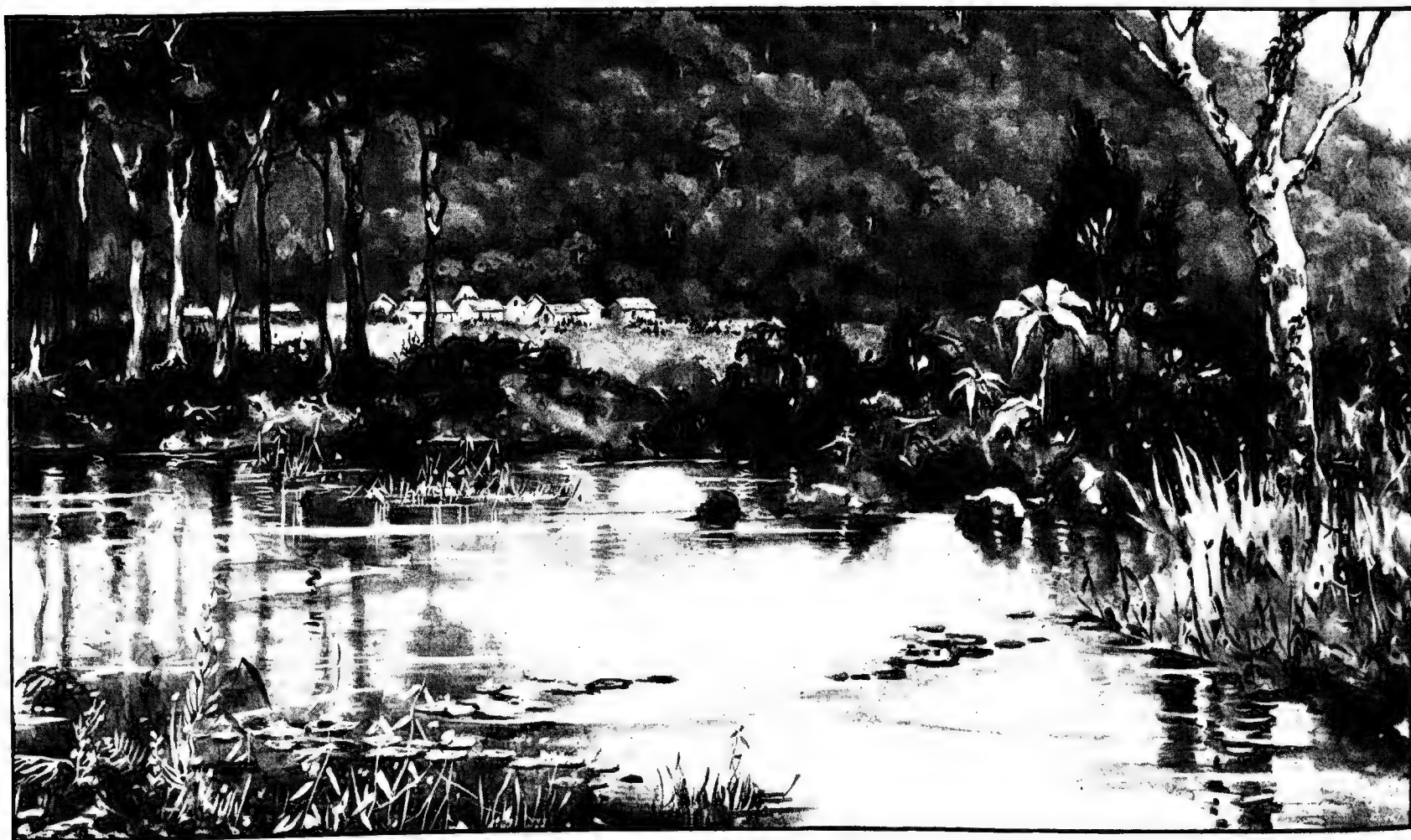


An extra interest is attached to this photograph—which shows a medical officer inspecting some of the Indian troops serving in West Africa—as it was taken by Captain W. W. Stevenson, who was killed in action while serving with a force under command of Major Montanaro, R.A., in Ashanti on September 22

THE DOCTOR'S INSPECTION AT BEKWA

darkness was very depressing, and I insisted that if the house went to pieces there would be all the water we wanted to put out whatever fire started. Somewhere about eight the house (upstairs) slid over and I flung the lamp into the

flood, and we fished the children out of the water, and stood by a window with the sea up to our waists. It was not very cheerful standing holding the children in our arms, the house all the time seeming to sink lower and more on to its side. At last it turned right over on the roof, so we were like flies walking on the ceiling. Of course, all this time it was pitch dark in the room; we could not see one another, and after every heave had to call to each other asking if the children were safe. Once Tom could not answer, but Maude told me he was by her, and I fished him up from under a floating mass of something. Aunt Nina also had a close call, and was being weighed down by Tom's cot. I was upset once, and sat for a time nursing a big sewing machine with the water up to my lip. At last some wreckage drifting by got wedged across the street, and we all climbed through a window on to it and got across to a house that stood through all the racket. Maude, Nina and the little girls were brave as brave could be, never uttering a whimper. Tom was scared and kept praying, 'God save us.' The baby, of course, did not know anything except that he did not like being put on a wet mattress while his father was fishing for Tom, but it was a most awful two hours, and I shall never forget it. Little Nina was told by her aunt that we were going to Heaven, and after a time asked if we were not nearly there. I told her 'No,' whereupon little Helen said she did not want to go. Poor little tot. Between where our house stood and the beach, which is about a quarter of a mile, there is not a horse standing, and, for the most part, not the vestige of one. Probably 5,000 people were drowned or killed by falling buildings, and houses and even streets have been swept clear away. Yesterday, which was about twelve days after the storm, 173 bodies were found, and it will probably be two weeks more before all the wreckage can be examined and the bodies burnt."



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN M. GREER

A Correspondent writes:—"Colonel Wilkinson's force is encamped at Apew on Lake Busumptwe, the sacred lake, fifteen miles south-east of Kumassi. The views round the lake are extremely fine, hills rising to the height of 500 to 800 feet above its level. There are no outlets to the lake, the level of which is continually rising owing to the earth washed down by the rains from surrounding hills, which are very

steep. The circumference of the lake is about fifteen miles and the depth of water averages ten feet. The existence of this lake has often been doubted, and at the best it has been imagined to be a swamp instead of a beautiful sheet of water resembling a Norwegian Fjord"

WITH THE WEST AFRICAN FIELD FORCE: COLONEL WILKINSON'S ENCAMPMENT ON THE SACRED LAKE NEAR KUMASSI



DRAWN BY FRANK BRANGWYN

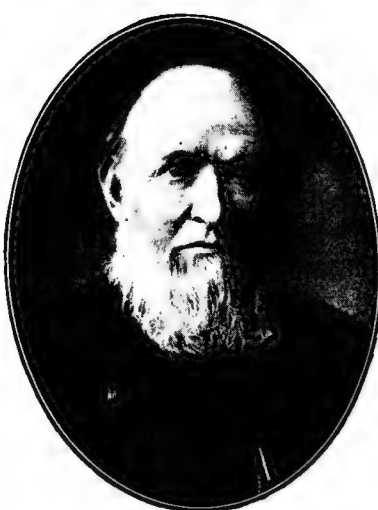
The species of whale that abounds off the West Indies is that known as the humpbacked. Great skill is required to catch them. The fishermen of Barbados hunt them with harpoons as do whalers all over the world. When caught the whales are brought into the smooth water of Spikes Town Harbour and lashed alongside the whaling schooner. The men, with sharp spades, here and there cut out pieces of blubber, which are hauled on board and at once boiled

FROM A SKETCH BY S. EDWARDS

A WHALE HUNT OFF BARBADOS: HARPOONING A MONSTER



MR. T. R. PRICE
Chief Traffic Manager of the Cape Government Railways



THE LATE REV. JAMES PORTER, D.D.
Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge



THE LATE MARQUESS OF BUTE



THE RIGHT REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH
Bishop of Exeter, who is retiring



THE LATE MR. BEATTY KINGSTON
Author and Journalist

Our Portraits

THE Rev. James Porter, D.D., Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, entered at Peterhouse in 1847, and graduated in the Mathematical Tripos in 1851, obtaining the position of ninth Wrangler. Shortly after taking his degree Dr. Porter was elected to a Fellowship. He was absent from the University for a short period, being engaged as a teacher of mathematics at Liverpool College; but, returning to the University, he took private pupils, became a college lecturer, and subsequently was appointed tutor, a position in which he was very popular. He was passionately fond of cricket and all kinds of sport, mixed freely with the undergraduates, especially those who formed the cricket team, and is said not to have been absent from the University match at Lord's for more than forty years. In October, 1876, Dr. Porter was elected Master of the College. Like his energetic predecessor, Dr. Cookson, he proved a capable administrator of University affairs. Within five years he was elected to the office of Vice-Chancellor, a post he occupied for two years with great advantage to the University. The most notable event during his Mastership was the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the college, the most ancient college in the University. In the controversies of late years in the University he took a leading part. He was an advocate for the admission of women to degrees, and supported the proposal to abolish the order of merit in the Mathematical Tripos. Our portrait is by Scott and Wilkinson, Cambridge.

Mr. William Beatty Kingston, who died on board the steamer *Albatross* on his way back to England, was sixty-three years of age, made a wide reputation as a war correspondent on the *Daily Telegraph* during the war of 1870, and was for a long time special correspondent of the same journal in Berlin and Vienna. He was the author of several books, the best known of them being, perhaps, "Monarchs I Have Met." Mr. Beatty Kingston was an excellent linguist and had a considerable knowledge of music. He was a very popular figure at journalistic clubs and also in musical circles. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Thomas Rees Price was born in Merthyr Tydvil, South Wales, in February, 1848, and educated at the Normal College, Swansea. He joined the Vale of Neath Railway, in September, 1863, as junior clerk in the General Manager's office. When this railway was incorporated in the Great Western Railway Company, in about 1865, he took service in the latter Company, filling various positions until July, 1880, when he entered the service of the Cape Government as District Traffic Superintendent at Grahamstown, afterwards filling the position of Assistant Traffic Manager at Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. In 1881 Mr. Price was appointed Traffic Manager of the Eastern system of the Cape Government Railway. In November, 1891, he became Traffic Manager of the Northern system, and, in 1892, Cape Government Railway Agent in the Transvaal and the then Orange Free State. In October, 1892, he was made Chief Traffic Manager of the Cape Government Railways. Throughout the war, with a very limited supply of railway stock at his disposal and but one single line of railway at his command, he successfully contrived to meet demands one hundredfold multiplied. Our portrait is by Duffus Bros., Cape Town.

John Patrick Crichton Stuart, K.T., the late Marquess of Bute, was the son of the second Marquess, and was born at Mount Stuart House in the Isle of Bute. He was only fifty-three years of age. He succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1848, and received his education at Harrow School, whence he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford. He was created a Knight of the Order of the Thistle in February, 1875. In 1872 he married the Hon. Gwendoline Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop, by whom he is survived. He also leaves three children, the heir being the Earl of Dumfries, who was born in 1881. The late Marquess of Bute took little or no part in Parliamentary affairs, but in the business, municipal, and religious life of the country he had for many years taken a deep and active interest. It was mainly to his business foresight and his enterprise in building the famous Bute Docks that is due the rise of Cardiff, and he in large measure made the prosperous South Wales of to-day. Having done so much for Cardiff, he led the way in a notable municipal departure in England. Desiring to pay the highest honour in their power to a townsman who had proved a singularly beneficent lord of the manor, the citizens invited the Marquess to become their Mayor. He accepted the office in 1891, and became the first peer chosen for such an office since the Reform Bill. As an archaeologist, the Marquess was held in great esteem. In connection with his archaeological work he published several short treatises, while he also wrote a historical sketch of Sir William Wallace, and translated "The Roman Breviary" and "The Coptic Morning Service." The honorary degree of LL.D.

was conferred upon him by the Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrews, and he made handsome bequests to the latter two Colleges. In 1868 Lord Bute joined the Roman Catholic Church, the conversion at the time causing much comment. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

The Bishop of Exeter, the Right Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, has announced that he will shortly resign the see. Edward Henry Bickersteth comes of an old Evangelical stock, his father being Edward Bickersteth, of Watton, one of the men associated with the early history of the Church Missionary Society. He was born at Islington in 1825, and was educated at home and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was ordained in 1844, and after serving as curate to some approved Evangelicals, took a Dorsetshire living in 1852. Three years later he came up to Christ Church, Hampstead, which under him became an opulent living and a great centre of Evangelical light. In 1855 he was made Dean of Gloucester, and almost at once Bishop of Exeter in succession to Dr. Temple. He married a daughter of the late Sir Samuel Bignold, and one of his sons was for a few years a missionary Bishop in Japan. The Bishop is best known by his hymn-book, "The Hymnal Companion." Some of his own compositions are exceedingly popular, "Peace, perfect peace" being perhaps the best known of them. Our portrait is by Heath, Plymouth.

Seventeenth Century Sailor and Senator

By T. H. S. ESCOTT

"DEMOCRAT, if you please, but demagogue on no account whatever." So, as they were passing through Palace Yard towards St. Stephen's, with blunt manner and in gruff voice, remarked to his



THE STATUE OF ADMIRAL BLAKE UNVEILED AT BRIDGWATER
LAST WEEK

companion another and older member from the West of England recently returned to the popular Chamber. Both men were somewhat short of stature; in every other respect each was the exact opposite of the other. The speaker, dark-eyed, with a face hardened and tanned by exposure to the weather in every latitude, with features inclining to the Jewish type, was cast in the mould of Hercules, an incarnation of force without elegance. The man was that of a man accustomed to command, and perhaps to bullfighting. The voice had the guttural and unmelodious intonation noticeable in coachmen and in others living for the most part in the open air. His breadth and height seemed about the same; when his mouth opened and shut, with a sharp snap, he gave observers the impression of the idea that without much inconvenience he might have swallowed his companion whole; for that companion united with a manner the most soft and polished, features the most delicate and a presence the most slight and insignificant that belonged to any member of the House. This was Lucius Cary, afterwards Viscount Falkland, even now wavering in his allegiance to the popular party, but not less quick to detect, nor less generous to admire greatness of every kind among his associates at Westminster than among his guests at Great Tew. He knew his companion had distinguished himself by the originality of his views, by his courage in expressing them during that Parliament of Charles I., generally called the "Short" (lasting from April 13 to May 5, 1640), but Falkland at this time alone saw the promise of more stirring achievements, rather on sea and shore, than on the floor of St. Stephen's. The strongly built companion of the delicately made nobleman with the mincing manner was indeed none other than the famous Admiral whose memory, in visible form, has just been honoured by his native place, Bridgwater.

In 1642, the year before Falkland's death at Newbury fight, Blake, as a follower of Pym, had scarcely made any mark in the Long Parliament (from November 3, 1640, till April 20, 1653). Politically the Bridgwater M.P. had always been in advance of his nominal chief. Both men, indeed, were equally distrustful of the Government. But Pym went beyond Blake in protesting that, at a crisis, the more moderate of the anti-courtiers must not discourage their friends among the avowed Revolutionaries. But certainly before Blake became as well known in the Long as he had been known in the Short Parliament, his leader and friend, almost his fellow-townsmen, Pym had died.

The two, as boys, had, it seems established, been at Bridgwater Grammar School together. At Oxford their terms of residence certainly overlapped—Pym at Pembroke, then called Broad Gate Hall, Blake at Wadham. Next the two men, certainly about the same time, studied law in London. There they had a very different life. All the hours he could spare from this Temple studies Blake passed near the Tower, studying the shipping on the river, talking with sailors from every country under Heaven.

The clever recruits of the Opposition, in those days, met, as a sort of club, beneath the roof of Sir Robert Cotton, the antiquary in Westminster. Pym, like Hampden, also had the reputation of being *au milieu* with certain ladies of fashion; to Lady Carlisle's drawing-room Pym is said once to have introduced his friend the skipper which even in those days was Blake's prophetic nickname. Blake's manners were not suited for the smart society of the time; the hosts gave something between a sigh and a groan of disgust, Blake took the hint, found he had an engagement elsewhere, disappeared; was not asked to repeat the visit. Sir Evelyn Wood, as everyone knows served before the mast previously to his entering the Army. Blake acquired a like two-fold experience, but not in the same order. Within five years of his graduating at Oxford he returned to Bridgwater to help his father in his merchant's business. It was so little to his liking that, like another man created for action, Clive himself the born sailor meditated suicide as an escape from desk drudgery. Bridgwater, in the seventeenth century, was a considerable military depot. Blake took the first chance of going into the Army; he showed qualities of generalship second only to those of Cromwell not as a cavalry but an infantry officer. Under another West-country soldier, Popham, he distinguished himself at Bristol first; then at Taunton. But in 1649 the strongest man the country could produce was required for the parliamentary fleet, then in a state of mutiny. Algerian pirates, exiled Royalists seeking shelter in Jersey or in the Scilly Islands—nothing in the shape of adventure on the high seas came amiss to Blake. In the intervals of the exciting work he still contrived occasionally to appear in St. Stephen's Chapel as member for Bridgwater. Derings and Vane from Kent, Howards from Oxfordshire, Portmans from Taunton, Cecils from Hertford, Knightleys from Northampton, Percies from Northumberland—together with these Blake sat in the House of Commons—such names picturesquely suggest continuity of the seventeenth century with the twentieth-century House of Commons. Together with these men Blake took his part in helping the Speaker to frame those laws of procedure which, with certain alterations, still govern its discussions. In doing so he really assisted at the birth of the popular Chamber as it exists to-day.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

The Imperial troops were driven from the Hall of Hanlin Yuan, or National Academy, by a small party of defenders of the British Legation—British and Americans. The Hanlin Yuan had the night before been reconnoitred by the British. The officer in command of the reconnoitring party was probably the first European to enter this home of Chinese learning, which is a century old, and contains a priceless library, and is as sacred to Chinese and native Christians. This made it absolutely necessary that they should be driven out. The fire was got under, and a portion of the Hanlin was occupied by the defending force who even fired the library in order to enter the British Legation to massacre women, children and native Christians.

THE SIEGE OF THE BRITISH LEGATION AT PEKING: DRIVING THE TROOPS OF FUNG FU HSIANG FROM THE HANLIN YUAN

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN F. G. POOLE

The Jungfrau Railway

THERE were some who were not disposed to regard the railway to the summit of the Jungfrau as an unmixed blessing, and who will not, therefore, be disposed to receive the news of its failure with grief. Mountaineers who could excuse the funicular railway up the Rochers-de-Naye, and had even a good word for the line that adorns Mount Pilatus, could not bring themselves to approve the project for subjugating the Jungfrau—that peak of great and tragic memories. Other Swiss railways, said the objectors, might be pardoned on the ground that many worthy British householders, unable to emulate the feats of Alpine climbers, might by this means, at any rate, be brought to appreciate the difficulties which the climbers have to encounter, and to become familiar with some of the sights which are the climber's reward. But the Jungfrau was a different matter altogether. To conquer this great peak by railway was almost indelicate. Besides, most



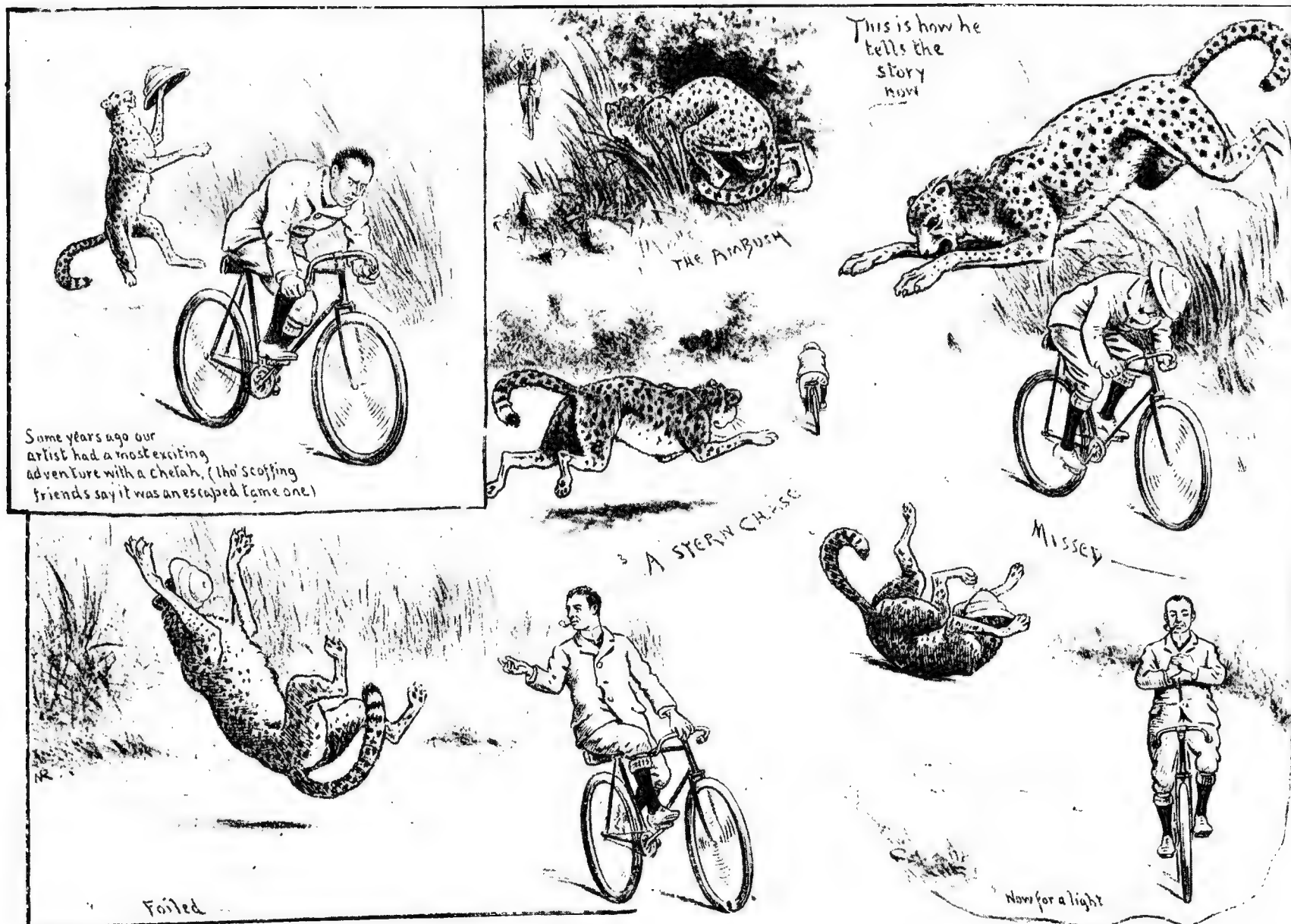
This photograph shows Colonel Brookfield with the three children of ex-President Steyn. Colonel Brookfield travelled in charge of Mrs. Steyn from Fouriesburg when Prinsloo surrendered to Bloemfontein

"WHERE IS FATHER?" INNOCENT VICTIMS OF THE WAR

tourists, when they reached the summit, would be seized with mountain sickness. For the Jungfrau is one of the Alpine giants. It is more than 13,000 ft. above sea-level—13,670 ft. is its exact measurement.

Yet those who rejoice that the railway has not reached these heights, need not be too precipitate in their rejoicing. The railway has reared itself to a height which would hold a respectable place among the measurements of Swiss peaks, and has practically accomplished one-third of its journey. The line has been in course of construction for between three and four years; the stipulated time for its completion was five years. It had, up to the time of its abandonment, reached the penultimate stage of its plan; and ends now at the Rothstock Station, above the Eiger Glacier. One imagines that it is lack of capital rather than engineering difficulty which has suspended operations, and that the Jungfrau is not yet safe from the cog-wheel and the electric current.

The scheme which has failed was one of several which were projected, and, like its less successful



DRAWN BY W. KALSION

FROM SKETCHES BY J. L. EYD

A VERY TALL STORY: AN ADVENTURE ON A CYCLE IN INDIA

HOTEL GUIDE (Tariffs free).
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predecessors, took its start from the Upper Lauterbrunnen Valley. Whereas the others were, however, regarded as frankly impossible, the construction of a railway in the early Nineties over the Wengern Alp offered a new base for operations, of which Herr Guyer-Zeller was quick to see the advantages. Perhaps we can make the position clear without the use of a map. Starting from Interlaken, the valley of the Lutschinen continues as far as Zweilutschinen, where it breaks into a fork, one branch ending at Lauterbrunnen and the other at Grindelwald. These extreme points, separated by that pleasantest of mountains, the Wengern Alp, were some eight or ten years ago connected by a line which runs over the mountains from valley to valley. Anyone who will take his stand at the little Scheidegg station on this line with his back towards the Mannlichen has in front of him a noble cluster of snow-capped mountains, of which for the purposes of this article three only need be mentioned. Taking them in order from left to right they are the Eiger, the Mönch and the Jungfrau. They are like three waves—each higher than the other—the Eiger, 3,975 metres; the Mönch, 4,105 metres; and the Jungfrau, 4,166 metres.

The Scheidegg Station, 2,060 metres—nearly 7,000 feet—above sea-level, was fixed upon as the starting-point of the new railway. From there it curled round to the left along the western slope of the Fallbodenhubel, making straight for the foot of the Eiger Glacier. There it turns due east and later on due south in a tunnel winding round the solid body of the Eiger as far as the Eiger Station, 3,100 metres high; and this was to be laid open by galleries similar to those on the Axenstrasse, between Brunnen and Fluelen. Having thus corkscrewed three-fourths of its way up, the rest of the journey would not have presented greater difficulties than those conquered. The tunnel would proceed in a direct line towards the middle mountain (the Mönch); thence onwards to the Jungfraujoch, hardly having to ascend for this portion of its itinerary; and from the Jungfraujoch it would curve round the upper pinnacle of the Jungfrau and terminate on a plateau well known to guides at some 13,000 feet above sea-level. This platform lies just 200 feet below the summit, measures some twenty-five yards by thirty yards, and is generally clear of snow during the summer months. Such was the determination of the railway's projectors that no undue inconvenience should be inflicted on tourists, that they had projected a lift to take tourists from this platform to the highest peak. The "elevator" was to consist of two concentric iron cylinders placed, telescope fashion, one within the other. The inner one would contain the lift, and between the two a corkscrew staircase was to be fitted, so that the tourist might, if he felt strong enough, complete the journey from the terminal station to the summit on foot.

A few additional particulars of interest are that the cost of the railway was not expected to be greater than 10,000,000 of francs. The motive power was to be electricity; and the streams of the Trummelbach and Lutschinen were expected to furnish hydraulic pressure for all the purposes of the undertaking. The greatest gradient was one in four, the least one in ten—quite an easy climb compared with some of the Swiss railways. The journey up was timed to occupy 100 minutes; the total length of line was to be 12,443 metres, divided into six sections, and the speed was to average about five miles an hour. Finally, although the railway has paused short of the summit, it has done a good deal;

and "specials" to the Eiger Glacier are a practical possibility for the tourist. That portion of the line was opened for traffic last summer.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

THE electioneering campaign is virtually over, and Lord Salisbury will now, probably, form his fourth and, it is to be supposed, last Administration. The present Government will, it is imagined, only be altered in certain directions. The main points of interest are as yet: Will Mr. Joseph Chamberlain leave the Colonial Office? If so will he become Secretary for War? Will Mr. Goschen retain the control of the Navy with a seat in the House of Lords? Who would succeed Mr. Chamberlain as Colonial Secretary were a vacancy to occur in that Department? and who will be appointed to replace Lord Cadogan as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland? Of course other and important changes may be made, but, so far, it would be useless to discuss such possible developments.

The impression is gaining ground that Lord Salisbury may only retain office for a limited period, and that the more important changes in the Cabinet will be made when he retires. When that time comes Mr. Chamberlain should be the pivot on which the reconstruction should turn, for it is the feature of the elections that they have made him the most prominent politician in the country.

Many names are mentioned in connection with the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland. The Duke of Marlborough might possibly be offered the appointment, so might Lord Dudley, though there are reasons for believing that neither will obtain the post on this occasion. Lord Lonsdale would make an excellent Lord-Lieutenant. He is one of the few peers of our times who lives up to his position with traditional magnificence, and who has the art of surrounding himself with intelligently controlled luxury. He has many personal qualities, moreover, which would make him especially acceptable to the Irish.

Whether the changes in the Government are few or many, trifling or important, keen politicians are eagerly anxious to ascertain to what extent Mr. Chamberlain will influence the appointments which may be made. Will he at once assume the position in the Unionist Party which the General Election has unquestionably given him, or will he wait for further developments to enable him to assert himself? The future of Mr. Chamberlain is the subject which furnishes the most matter for discussion in the official world at this moment. The direction and the strength of his influence even at this early date will be signs to guide the curious.

Many men who stand for Parliament are less anxious to obtain a seat in the House of Commons than to be admitted to the Carlton Club. Every Conservative Member is on his election admitted into the club, and candidates who have on these occasions un-

successfully contested seats in the interests of the Party secure the same reward—that is, the committee consenting. There seems to be a special anxiety amongst rich men of provincial origin to be admitted to the Carlton, and some of them are prepared to make substantial sacrifices to satisfy this not inordinately ambitious craving.

Prince Inkanthor

PRINCE INKANTHOR OF CAMBODIA, after a stay of several weeks in Paris, has disappeared in rather curious circumstances.



PRINCE INKANTHOR OF CAMBODIA
Who has been summoned home by his father,
King Norodom

eldest surviving of King Norodom he should have embarked at Marseilles on September 23 to return to his country. The steamer, however, took his brother Phanuwong and his suite, but the supposed Prince Inkanthor was figured in the of passing was only a servant of the royal Palace who meanwhile had stolen away to Brussels. Sometime before his departure a memorial was presented to the French Government by the

Prince Inkanthor. This memorial contained an eloquent declaration of all the grounds of complaint which he and his father, the King of Cambodia, consider that they have against the Governor-General of Indo-China and his subordinates. The chief complaint of Prince Inkanthor would seem to be that the Protectorate in Cambodia has little by little been transferred into a system of direct administration humiliating to the Royal line.

The Governor-General of Indo-China, when informed of the publication of the memorial, telegraphed to the French Minister for the Colonies that King Norodom was very much affected by the attitude assumed by Prince Inkanthor, who, he added, had in no way been authorised to present any complaints in his name to the French Government. An old colonial specialist and friend of Prince Inkanthor's, however, who arranged his European journey, says that Prince Inkanthor brought letters as well as presents accrediting him as an official representative of his father to President Loubet, M. Decrais, Minister of the Colonies, and M. de Lanessan, Minister of Marine. It is reported that King Norodom has telegraphed to Prince Inkanthor to return at once to Phnompenh, otherwise he will punish him.

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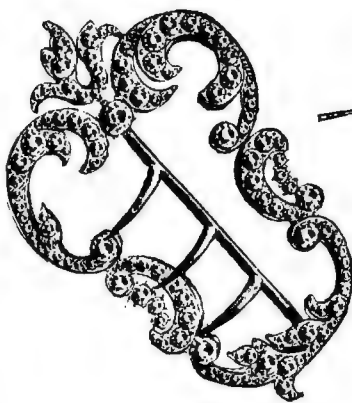
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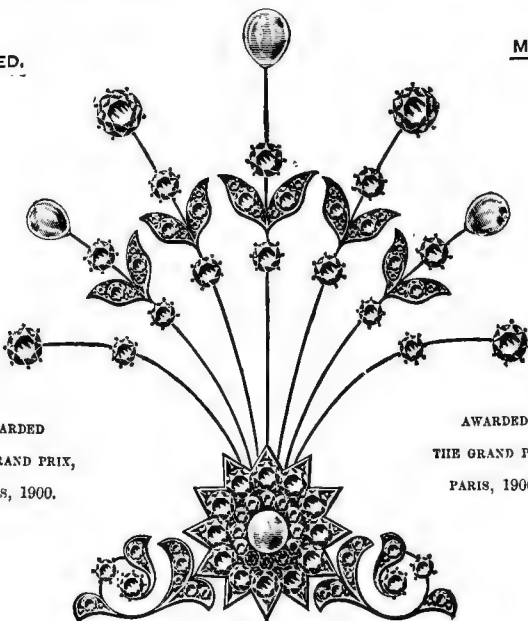
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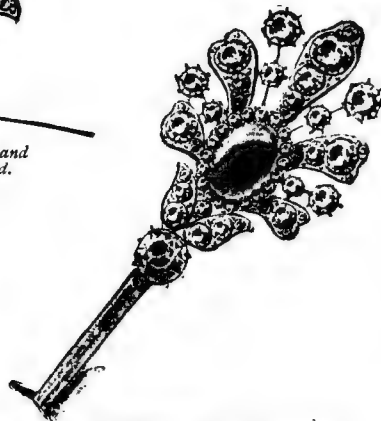
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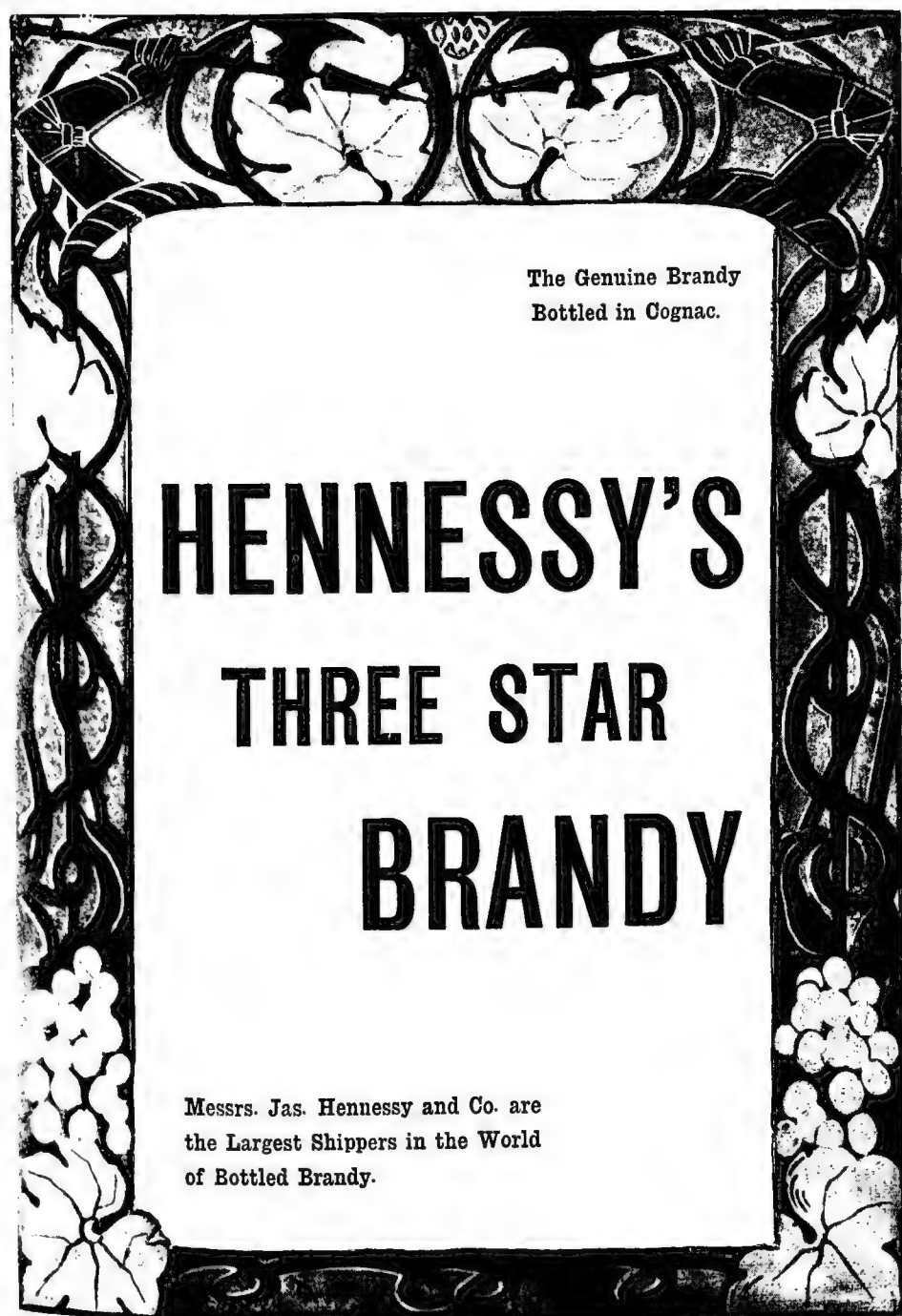
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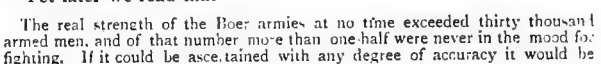
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It appears that in the Transvaal every man was compen-
join a commando in war time, but there was no law to make
fight. He could volunteer if he liked, but if he found stealth
him "*that natural instinct common to all the burghers was
them to seek their own safety whenever danger seemed near*
could remain in the laager until his "*Boer characteristic of
ing at the right time*" came out, when he could do his
prevent his beloved army being "*diminished*" by at least
This he did on more than one occasion, for the author tells
although on many occasions an entire commando volunteered
the work asked of them, it happened just as often that only
tenth or one-twentieth of the burghers offered their services.
instance, several days after the Spion Kop battle General L.
called for 400 volunteers to assist in repelling an attack he ex-
would be made, and although there were 10,000 men in the
bourhood he had the greatest difficulty in getting the number
required. Mr. Hillegas gives many instances of real bravery
the part of the Boers, equal to the "lack of discretion" of
foreigners at Elandslaagte. Notwithstanding the author's avowed
sympathy with our enemies, he has hardly been successful in
endeavours to place them before Anglo-Saxon readers in a fa-
vourable aspect. The volume is well illustrated with photographs
of the Boer generals and of the different battlefields.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S "Quisanté" (Methuen and Co.) has all the interest of an ambitious new departure on the part of an author who has already achieved success in many different fields. It relies entirely upon a single psychological situation, without any aid from plot, or incident, or problem, or mystery; it is as if Mr. Hope had predetermined to show how entirely possible it is—for him to dispense with all the elements of fiction that are traditionally regarded as indispensable. Lady May Gaston takes it into her head, rather than her heart, to fly in the face of all her family and friends by giving her hand to one Alexander Quisanté, a political adventurer, whose offensively "bad form" is unmitigated by the most rudimentary sense of honour, or even of honesty. Everybody

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.—WHITTIER.

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sees through him, consciously or unconsciously, willingly or unwillingly; and none more consciously and keenly than May Gaston. But his Napoleonic energy and self-confidence, his parliamentary instinct, his spark of real genius, and his blaze of audacious impudence, combine in a magnetic personality that fascinates even when it most repels. May comes to find her whole self dominated by a husband whom she at once admires and despises, and whom she reads through and through, dreading lest he should become equally legible to the world. He, meanwhile, can no more read a lady than he knows what should be meant by the husband of one, and while he hangers for it, grows to regard her as a sort of accusing conscience which he knows not how to satisfy. The relation is intensely complicated, and her gradual absorption in him, without love, without even respect, but to the exclusion of every hope and interest apart from him, amounts to tragedy. "I write very sadly, for I didn't love him," runs her letter, after his death, to the true-hearted gentleman whom she ought to have married. . . . "But if love can mean sinking yourself in another person, living in and through him, meaning him when you say life, then I did love him. . . . He loved me very much, and he was a very great man." The novel is obviously difficult to describe, and its topic is decidedly remote—a Quisante is not met with every day. Mr. Hope still remains open to the charge of more or less manufacturing his own conditions. But in any case it is a distinctly fine study of a situation which he has compelled to be true, and inspires a belief that he has by no means yet reached, either in height or in breadth, the extent of his powers.

"THE INFIDEL"

Miss Braddon continues her course of historical novels with a study of the influences of Wesley and Whitfield, not, as they are usually presented, upon the victims of poverty, ignorance, and spiritual neglect, but upon the world of culture and fashion ("The Infidel: a Story of the Great Revival." Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co.). Antonia Thornton, who gives the book its title, has been educated on Voltairean principles by her father, a clergyman and scholar who had passed through a scandal and a gaol into the employment of the booksellers. How she emerges from such obscurity into a wealthy and titled widowhood, though romantic enough, is little to any purpose beyond that of bringing her there. What is very much to the purpose is the existence of one George Hobart, a well-born and distinguished young officer, who had thrown up his commission and every prospect he had in life to become the follower and associate of the apostle of Methodism. That George should think he has lost his soul to Antonia, when it is but his heart, is inevitable; that his infidelity should result in Christianity, or at any rate in Christian philanthropy, is from a very early point in her story a foregone conclusion. The conclusion is sad; but it is not a cure for the conventional wedding bells. The authoress has evidently taken all imaginable pains to imbue herself with her subject and her period; indeed she makes this only too evident by not sparing her readers a single name or allusion that can possibly be dragged in. Her materials lack selection and assimilation. But it is all good, sound work, and will be found interesting as a story even by readers to whom its picturesque aspects of "the Great Revival" may fail to appeal.

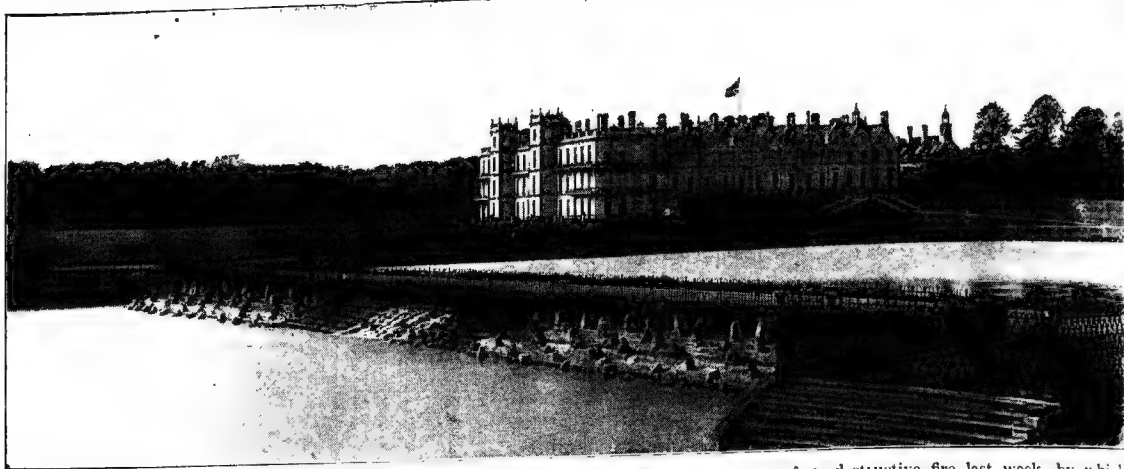
"THE IMAGE-BREAKER"

The various persons, of both sexes, whom Gertrude Dix's novel

(William Heinemann) depicts as engaged in trying to smash what they consider mere fetishes, such as marriage, property, and so forth, meet with the fate that must be risked by iconoclasts generally. That is to say, the only damage they do is to themselves. With regard to marriage in particular, the two genuinely high-minded young women who dispense with it on principle very speedily find themselves serving as warnings rather than examples; while an attempt at a communistic "farm-colony" somewhere in rural England (suggested, one may assume, by a still recent experiment) turns out a failure, and a scandal besides. The novel has plenty of cleverness; and though not many of its readers may stand in need of its lessons by example, these are well calculated to impress the few. The authoress has evidently known and studied the social Reformer in his, and her, many types, and has not made the common but fatal mistake of carrying portraiture into caricature.

"AFFAIRS OF THE HEART"

Miss Violet Hunt's collection of fifteen little anecdotes and situations, under the general title of "Affairs of the Heart" (S. T. Freemantle), would have been considerably better, as a whole, for weeding. "His widows" is a rather touching little story of two maiden sisters, supposed to have no secrets from one another, and having none—save one: "An Impossible Situation" contains a good point—that of a girl who, trying to live up to what she thinks is a man's ideal overdoes the part, and frightens him into love on a lower plane; and "Teuf-Teuf and Camomile" adds some fresh tint to the already highly coloured picture of life in the Quartier Latin. With these exceptions, the contents of the volume call for little mention, beyond their suitability for readers who have but a spare minute or two at a time.



Welbeck Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Portland in Nottinghamshire, was the scene of a destructive fire last week, by which the upper story of the Oxford wing was destroyed and great injury done to the lower rooms. Much of the valuable contents of the rooms was got out, but the damage is roughly estimated at 40,000. The late Duke is said to have spent over seven millions in carrying out additions to the building; but the Oxford wing was built by a Countess of Oxford. The beautiful staircase was adorned by a splendid collection of Oriental china. Fortunately the Greendale cabinet, made out of the Greendale oak, and the books in the library have been rescued. Our photograph is by J. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.

WELBECK ABBEY, THE SCENE OF A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE

The Birmingham Festival

We last week gave an account of the Birmingham Festival the principal novelties thereof. From a financial point of view the Festival was a most encouraging success, the increase in attendance being 826, while nearly a thousand pounds more than three years ago was taken from donations and the sale of tickets. More donations are still to come, and it is believed that the amount available for the General Hospital will be the largest for a quarter of a century. There was, in fact, not one really bad house throughout the week. The largest audience was on Wednesday evening, when Mr. Taylor's *Hiawatha* was performed; although it is only fair to say that the night concerts were given at cheaper prices than morning performances. *Messiah*, on Friday evening, drew very nearly as large a house. The most crowded of the morning performances was *Elijah*, on the Tuesday morning; while Mr. Edgar's *Dream of Gerontius*, on the Wednesday morning, attracted nearly twenty per cent. more than on the analogous day of 1897.

Gerontius will inevitably suffer from the difficulty of the music, which is beyond the means of ordinary choruses. It proved to be a little too much for the Birmingham choir, who, however, did their best, although both as to precision and intonation they left a good deal to be desired. The choral singing throughout the week was, in fact, the weakest feature of the Festival, and there are already demands for a reconstruction of the choir. The fact, however, that in spite of the excitement of a General Election, and despite also some very inauspicious weather, the Festival during the week attracted a succession of really crowded houses, indicates the sincerity of the affection which Birmingham has for its Festival.



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year round in the Kitchen and Sick-Room, but the damp chilly days of Autumn and Winter always bring increasing sales.

Lemco keeps out the cold by keeping in the heat. To prevent Colds, Chills and Influenza take Lemco. A tiny 2-oz. jar contains the pure concentrated assimilable essence of many pounds of the finest beef.

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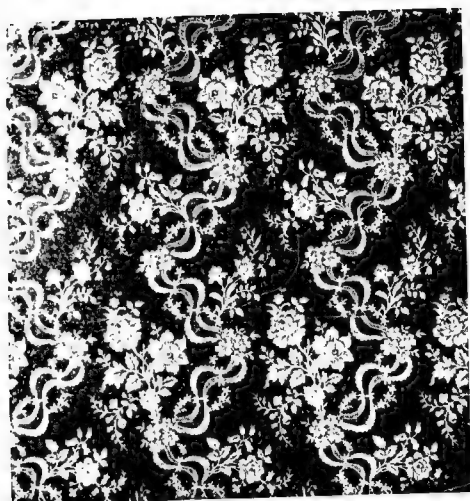
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Prejudice against automatic instruments arose when
automatic instruments were toys. It is rapidly vanishing
in face of the actual achievements of the Aeolian and
the Pianola. The development of these instruments is
only a phase of the final evolution which all arts and
sciences are ever undergoing.

There used to be a prejudice against photographs.
Nowadays no one thinks of disputing the absolute artistic
standing of a modern photograph.

Labour-saving thought has been a little late in
reaching music, although competent observers have long
foreseen that eventually some form of automatic instru-
ments would come to do the work of human fingers.
The new direction of pianism is towards playing with
the brain and feelings instead of with fingers only, which
is all that a hopeless majority of players ever attain to.

The mechanism of the Aeolian merely produces the
notes. The expression, shading, tone-coloring, tempo,
etc., are supplied by the performer.

When we say expression we do not mean the intense
personal qualification that a Paderewski gives to music
played on the piano. The Aeolian will not give you this.
This kind of expression can be infused into worthless
music without losing much of its effect. It is a sort of
personal eloquence, and the interest is as much a human
interest as a musical one.

But there is another kind of eloquence that lies in the
notation to music—the eloquence of musical thought.
In this—the very kernel of music—the performer counts
for less and the music more.

This is the true field of the Aeolian—intelligent ex-
pression of musical ideas, the enduring vital part of
music, that which can never grow stale.

In this field the Aeolian has no possible rival.

The orchestra itself can not approach the Aeolian as
a means of learning music. The orchestra plays orches-
tral pieces only. But the Aeolian will play besides
orchestral pieces, organ music, preludes, fugues, toccatas,
fantasias, piano and violin music, concertos, sonatas,
studies, trios, quartets, ensemble music of all descrip-
tions, choral music, songs, etc. It is better adapted to
some music than to others, but you can play all kinds and
find out what they are. The Aeolian thus affords the
only means in the world of becoming familiar with all
the best music in a short time without calling for the
least technical preparation.

As far as true expression goes, we are only repeating
the remark of a well-known critic when we say that an
Aeolian can be played with "a thousand times more
expression than you can hear at the average pianoforte
recital."

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Flagon, 2/-; Bottle, 1/6;

Half Bottle, 10d.



Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow, London

Horse and Field Artillery

BY AN ARTILLERY OFFICER

THE horse and field artillery are now a distinct service in the Royal Regiment, the garrison artillery including the mountain branch forming the other less showy but equally valuable portion.

Artillery officers on first appointment are posted to either the field or garrison branch, and remain in one or the other throughout the whole of their service; and the artillery recruit can now enlist for either arm, whereas formerly neither officer nor man could select at will the mounted or dismounted branch, except that men below a certain standard were enlisted as drivers in horse or field artillery. A "battery" comprises a major, captain and three subalterns, a sergeant-major, quartermaster-sergeant, two trumpeters, and rank and file non-com. officers and men, all of whom are mounted in the horse artillery; six horses form the team for each gun and ammunition waggon, and there are spare draft horses in addition. The battery is divided into six subdivisions (gun and waggon) and three sections, the number of rounds carried per gun being about 150.

A "brigade division" of artillery is commanded by a lieutenant-colonel, and consists of two horse or three field batteries. To each division of an army a brigade division of field artillery is attached, and one of horse artillery to each cavalry division—that is, one battery to each cavalry brigade. The remainder of the artillery of an Army Corps, are known as "corps artillery," being under the immediate control of the Army Corps commander. Horse artillery are armed with the 12-pounder breech-loading gun of 6 cwt., and the field artillery with the 15-pounder gun of 7 cwt. In the corps artillery are also included field batteries, armed with 5-inch breech-loading howitzers, firing a 50-lb. shell.

To the field artillery arm are also allotted the duties of manning and equipping ammunition columns, which transport and supply both gun and small arm ammunition for an army in the field: each division of an Army Corps having an artillery and infantry ammunition column attached to it, besides a column for each cavalry brigade and one for the corps troops. The ammunition columns are replenished from an ammunition park, which is formed into sections for the lines of communications and the base of supply. In peace time the nucleus only of the columns are kept up, being equipped with officers, men, and horses of the artillery when required for service in the field. The duties entailed in the supply of ammunition to an army are as arduous and important as those in connection with food and other necessities for men and animals, which are Army Service Corps services; but in neither case are they brought so prominently to public notice as the work done in the fighting line.

There are in the field in South Africa at the present time ten batteries of horse and fifteen brigade divisions (forty-five batteries) of field artillery, with the corresponding ammunition columns and parks. This force comprises 330 field guns, which is the largest number the country has ever before sent into the field, and sufficient, if formed up in line for inspection, to extend over a frontage of four miles, or a depth of nine on the line of march. The important difference between the horse and field arm is that gun detachments of the former are mounted, in order to reduce the weight drawn by the gun horses; whilst in a field battery the gunners

are carried on the gun axle-tree seats and limber boxes, or march as required.

In our service the horse artillery gun is lighter and less powerful than the field artillery weapon, and the weight behind the teams of a horse and field artillery gun are about thirty and thirty-eight to forty cwt. respectively. The German horse and field artillery are armed with identically the same nature of gun, the only difference between the services being that gun detachments in the case of horse artillery are mounted.

Horse artillery being primarily required for work with cavalry should be well horsed and lightly equipped in order to be capable of long and rapid marches and of manœuvring over any ground practicable for cavalry. A secondary rôle of horse artillery is to act with the "corps artillery," and for this purpose their guns should not be much inferior in range and power to those of the field batteries. To fulfil therefore both purposes efficiently extreme mobility, combined with a maximum of gun power, must be aimed at.

There are some who advocate a very light equipment for horse artillery, and as mention has been made in accounts from the seat of war of this arm having been at times unable to keep pace with the cavalry, during their very extended movements, this question will, doubtless, be eventually further considered.

The exceptional mobility of the Boer troops, owing to their being light men mounted on hardy horses, has emphasised the necessity of cavalry and horse artillery being made as mobile as possible. The requirements of cavalry are intelligent light-weight troopers and horses of great endurance, with pace and suitability to stand the rough usages of active service; and although the present conditions may not be repeated in future campaigns, either as regards country to be traversed, or as to the class of troops to be encountered, still it should be remembered that the "shock tactics" of heavy cavalry, which have certainly proved impossible in South Africa, will probably never again be employed to anything like the same extent they were in Crimean days. When more details are forthcoming of the unfortunate occurrence near the Bloemfontein water-works, on March 31, where a brigade division of horse artillery was practically annihilated, it will probably be found that, as regards the horse artillery, they had lost their mobility owing to over-fatigue and consequent casualties amongst horses; otherwise, the guns would have been with the cavalry, in readiness to cover the retirement of the whole force, and not with the heavy baggage of the column.

With regard to the field as distinct from horse artillery, this arm operates entirely with infantry, its usual pace being a walk; exceptionally it is required to trot, but then only for short distances; gun power is therefore of more importance than mobility. A tendency to overlook this fact occurs during peace time, owing to the experience gained at manœuvres on Salisbury Plain or at Aldershot, where smartness in advancing into action is the most noticeable feature, since, when guns only fire blank, the immense value of range and gun power in field batteries is not brought out.

The class of horses required for field artillery are strong, hardy animals capable of drawing heavy weights at a trot, such as van or omnibus horses; and the latter, when employed in the campaign, have proved, from all accounts, eminently satisfactory. For horse artillery and cavalry a horse with more pace is required, and is not so easily procured in large numbers.

One of the serious difficulties of the campaign has been the provision of suitable animals for the cavalry, artillery, mounted infantry, and transport services to replace the enormous wastage that has occurred owing to the long distances traversed, and to the necessity of conforming to the fleet movements of our foe.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

HIGH winds and heavy rain-storms have been productive of great damage in Southern France and in Spain. Four great rivers, the Rhone, the Garonne, the Ebro, and the Tagus, have overflowed their banks, and the autumn, while marked by a high temperature, has been thus far of exceptional violence in the South-West. Our own latitude has not experienced much rain, but winds were high on a majority of days during the past week, and the leaves are being whirled off the trees. The Virginia creepers are already bare, and the fall of chestnuts, which are a good crop this year, has been abundant enough to satisfy the wants of all the schoolboys. There is a good deal of ploughing going on all over the country, and autumn sowings are well begun. The root crops promise some very fine yields, and, as the rustic joke goes, are almost pushing their way out of the earth. The mangolds and swedes are the best, after these come potatoes. Turnips, considering the very moderate rainfall, have done exceedingly well. The butterflies have been favoured by the small rainfall, and as late as last Saturday *Edusa* and *Cynthia Cardui* were observed in a Falmouth garden. October is late for any butterfly. We have ourselves noticed dragon flies within the last few days. Wasps, a late and short trouble, are about over; the spider, however, is everywhere, and the dry September totally failed to extirpate the unwelcome slug.

THE LATEST BOGEY

The recent borough elections have been remarkable for processions carrying a strange assortment of banners, which, despite their decorative schemes being apparently taken from "a coat of many colours," are by no means indicative of adoration for the party of "Joseph." Amid these decorative but unintelligible banners one has stood out in marked contrast, a white flag with plain black lettering, "Down with the Rack Renter." It is intended as a Socialist war cry, but it would gladden the heart of a Jacobite, and amounts to a demand for a re-establishment of the feudal system. We have, indeed, nothing but sympathy for the feeling which suggests that landed property differs not in degree but in kind from other wealth, that it should have its special responsibilities, and therewith, of course, its special privileges. In other things, say these ingenious demonstrators, the good citizen will ask its market value. But not for houses and not for land. These are matters where other items of fealty and service ought to be borne in mind. In a similar spirit the Rev. Mr. Horsley, at the closing meeting of the Church Congress, said that the greatest national evil was "the bad landlord." His other remarks showed that the badness consisted exactly in what the Socialists mean by "rack renting," in getting as much as he could out of his real estate. This "bad landlord," the latest Logey of a partial reflection, can never be

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION

of the Royal Photographic Society was opened on Monday, October 1st, at the New Gallery, Regent Street, W., and readers of *The Graphic* should pay it an early visit, and view the number of artistic and interesting photographs which the Society has gathered together. Among the most striking pictures is a huge enlargement of an instantaneous photograph of cavalry officers clearing a wall, which is exhibited by the celebrated lens maker, C. P. Goerz, of 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C. A reproduction of this picture is shown herewith. The original was taken with one of the well-known Goerz-Anschutz Folding Cameras on a half-plate



(6½ by 4¼), and although the enlargement is over seven feet long, it shows the finest detail and

definition in all parts, thus proving the world-wide reputation of the cameras and lenses of this firm to be well deserved.

The fine collection of other instantaneous views, landscapes, portraits, architectural views and interiors exhibited by Mr. Goerz, demonstrates that the Goerz-Anschutz Folding Camera (also to be seen, and the compactness and convenience which are noteworthy) is fit for any and every kind of photographic work. The reader should send for a splendidly illustrated Catalogue of the Camera to the Office of C. P. Goerz, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C. No charge will be made if this Journal be mentioned.

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eliminated except by a return to the mediæval idea of "the land" as something apart from and above other forms of possessions.

FARMERS AND POLITICS

The farmer is not usually regarded as a person who lives in an unreal world, but the county elections now in progress have been revealing him in a strangely different light to that which the borough elections cast upon the tradesmen. The latter showed keen interest in commercial matters, and the extent of our trade with different regions under discussion, such as South Africa and China. The farmer, as far as we have observed, has not asked the candidates of either side about any of the agricultural questions of real urgency on which depend the whole issue of profit or loss on modern farming. But he is keen in his heckling over "Ritualism," very interested in "Army reform," and, if a Liberal, extremely sarcastic over the point of "those Old Age Pensions." The simple

explanation of all this, possibly, is that the country resident wants to hear about matters outside his local round of rather limited concerns. Perhaps the famous Liberal movement in the direction of "three acres and a cow" failed, because the rural voter knew more about acres and more about cows than the ingenious gentleman who canvassed him, and because he wanted to hear, therefore, of something else.

AGRICULTURAL REFORMS

The Central Chamber of Agriculture recommend the following reforms:—(1) That the law of trespass should be so altered as to make it penal to go on land to take marketable produce; (2) that railway companies should be made to pay for stacks, &c., fired by the sparks from passing engines; (3) that steps should be taken to make it penal to let dogs go on farms if the dogs worry sheep; in other words, that dog-owners should be more strictly liable for

damage done by these animals; (4) that sheep-dipping (in order to eradicate sheep scab) should be rendered compulsory under a fine; (5) that there should be one uniform and only legal weight for the sale of corn.

CATTLE AND SHEEP

Excellent prices are being realised, and farmers who have good flocks and herds are doing well. The great Lewes fair, which is an index to autumn trade in sheep, has been conclusive evidence of the state of affairs for mutton, for whereas the number penned was over a thousand more than last year, the prices made average 5s. to 8s. per head above those of October, 1899. The sales of cattle show a smaller proportionate rise, but none the less are distinctly encouraging. The good promise of the root crops has much to do with the price paid for sheep and cattle, as there are more farmers than usual wanting to purchase lean animals in order to feed them up during the winter.



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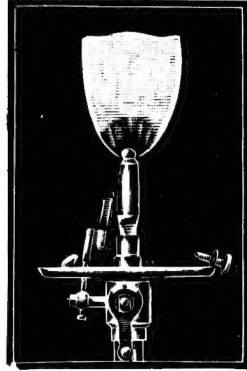
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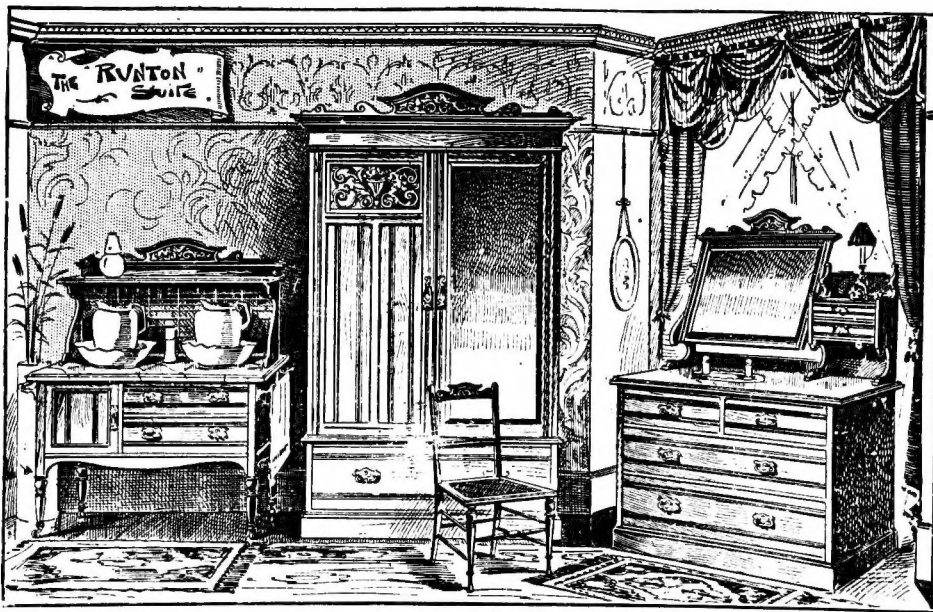
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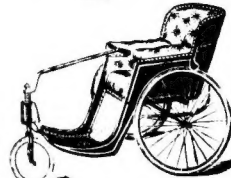
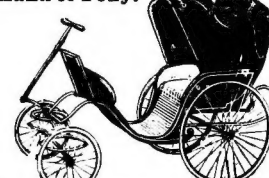
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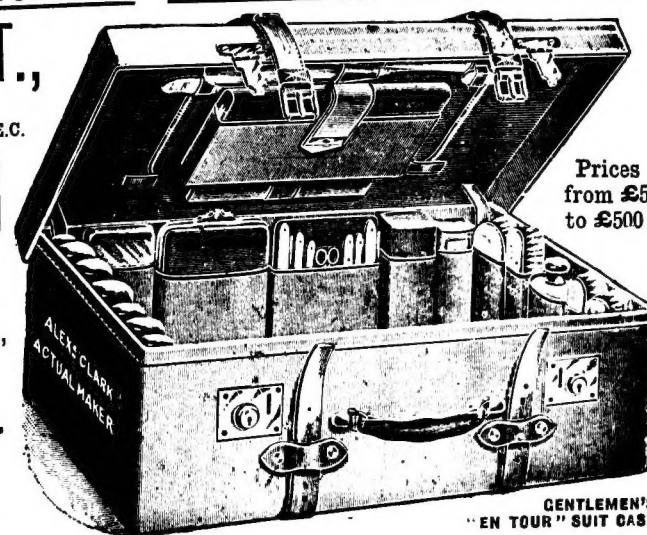
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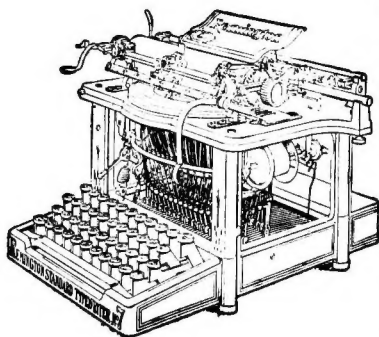
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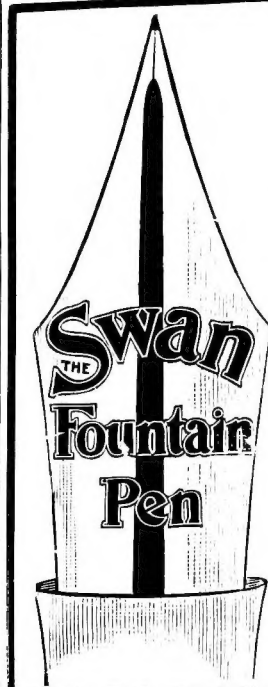
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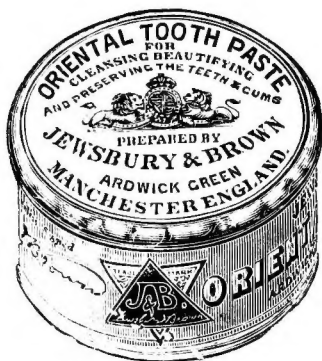
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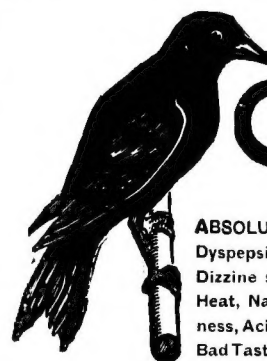
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